

No. 94

ANC

OCTOBER

10¢

BIG  
SHOT

# BIG SHOT

NOW FOR THE  
\$ 100,000  
JACKPOT QUESTION—  
**WHAT'S YOUR NAME?**

UNCLE PHIL  
CAN'T  
**REMEMBER!**





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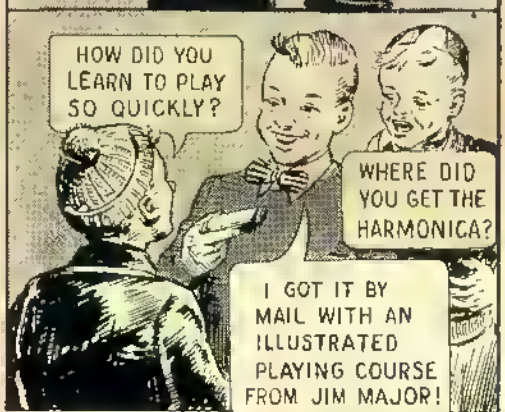
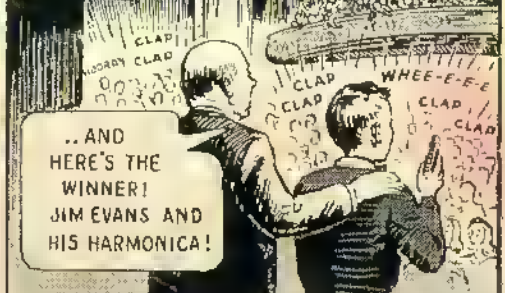
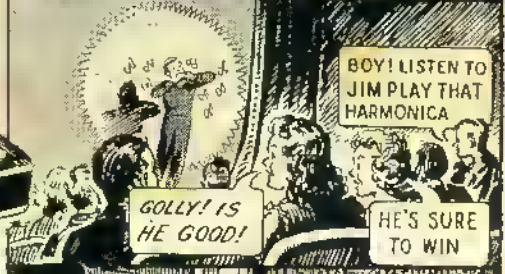
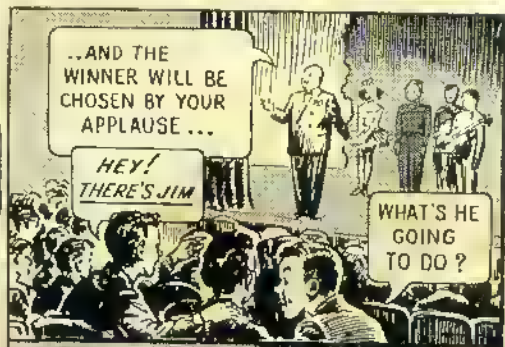
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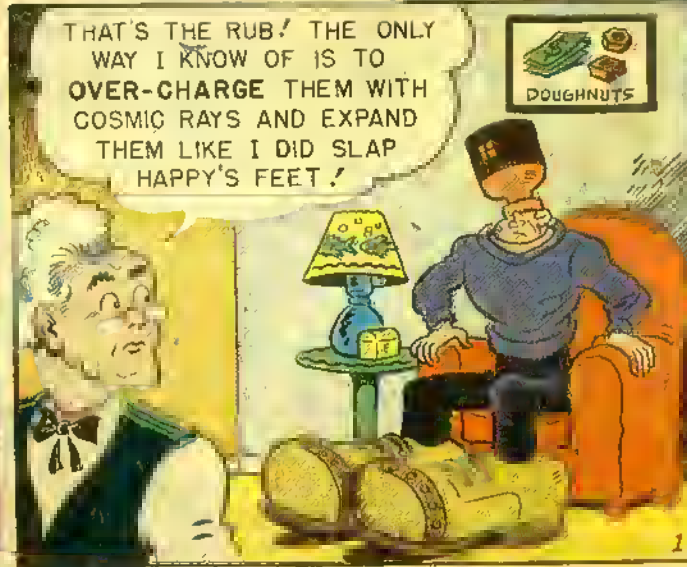
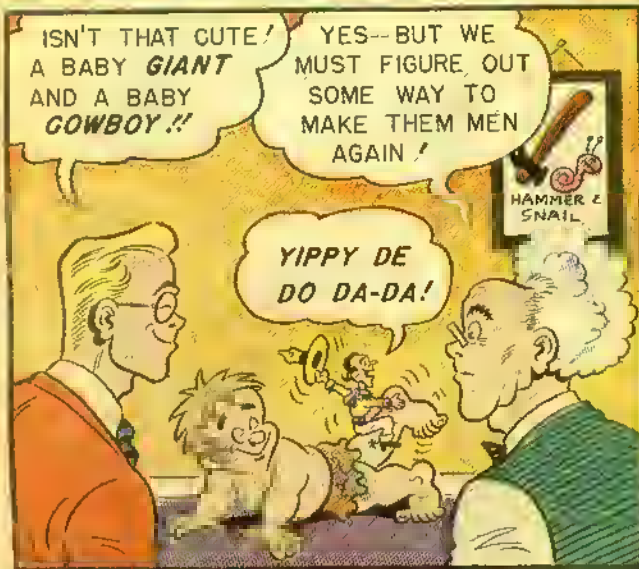
CITY.....STATE.....

# SPARKY Watts

DA-  
DA!!

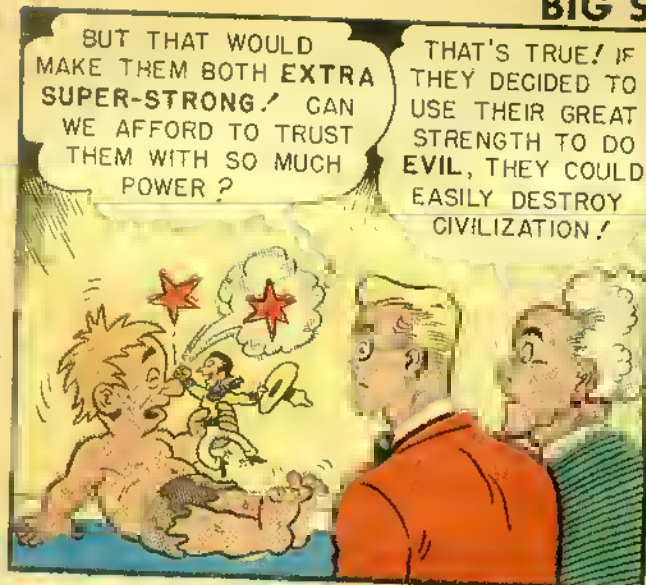
GA-  
GOOO!

by  
Boody's





# BIG SHOT



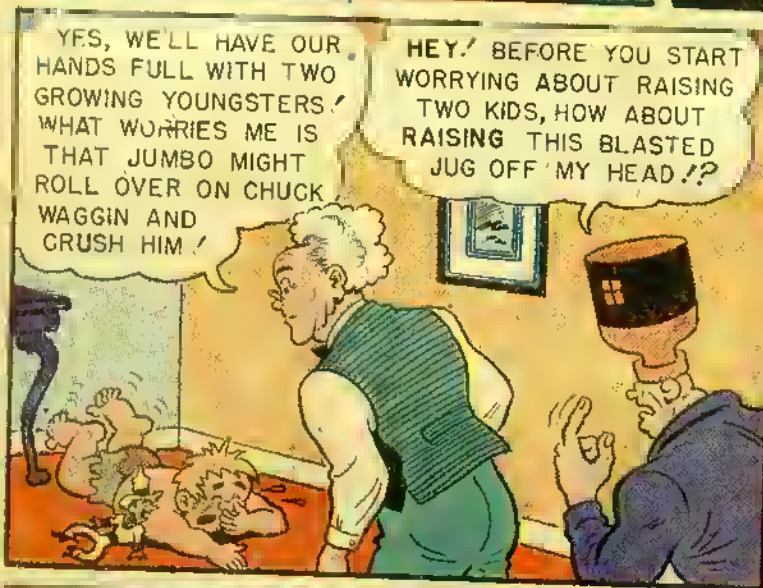
BUT THAT WOULD MAKE THEM BOTH EXTRA SUPER-STRONG! CAN WE AFFORD TO TRUST THEM WITH SO MUCH POWER?

THAT'S TRUE! IF THEY DECIDED TO USE THEIR GREAT STRENGTH TO DO EVIL, THEY COULD EASILY DESTROY CIVILIZATION!



I SUPPOSE THE ONLY SENSIBLE THING TO DO IS TO LET THEM GROW UP AGAIN IN THE NORMAL WAY!!

OUCH! THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO BE PAPA AND MAMA!! I WISH NOW THAT SUE HADN'T TAKEN THAT JOB IN THE CITY--WE COULD USE A WOMAN'S HELP!



YES, WE'LL HAVE OUR HANDS FULL WITH TWO GROWING YOUNGSTERS! WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT JUMBO MIGHT ROLL OVER ON CHUCK WAGGIN AND CRUSH HIM!

HEY! BEFORE YOU START WORRYING ABOUT RAISING TWO KIDS, HOW ABOUT RAISING THIS BLASTED JUG OFF MY HEAD!?



THAT'LL BE EASY--- I'LL BREAK IT OFF WITH A HAMMER!



OWW! YOU'RE JARRING MY EYE-BALLS LOOSE IN THEIR SOCKETS--TAKE IT EASY, SPARKY!!

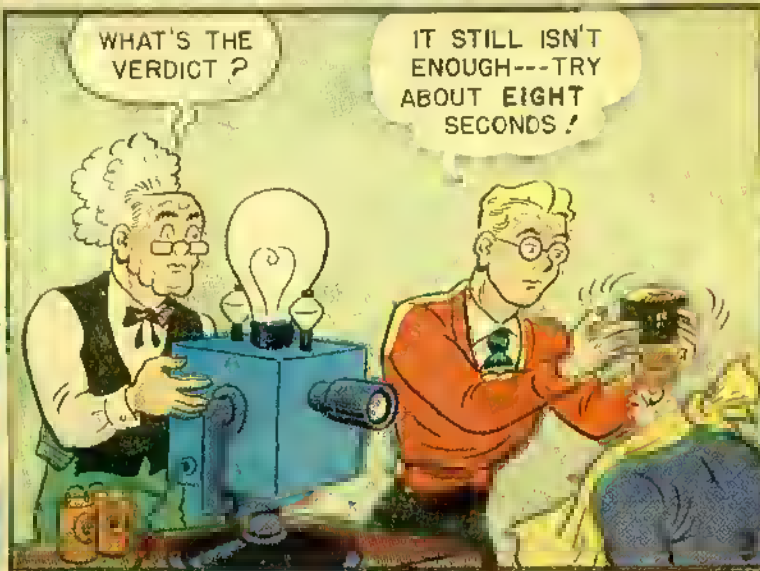
HMM! THAT CROCKERY IS WELL MADE AND TOUGH--IT MUST BE A PRE-WAR JUG!



HOW CAN WE DO IT, DOC? IF I HIT HARD ENOUGH TO BREAK IT I MIGHT ALSO CRACK SLAP HAPPY'S SKULL!!

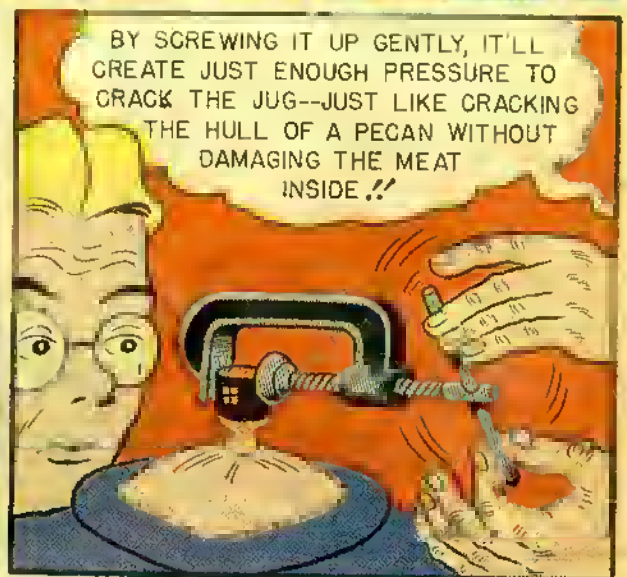
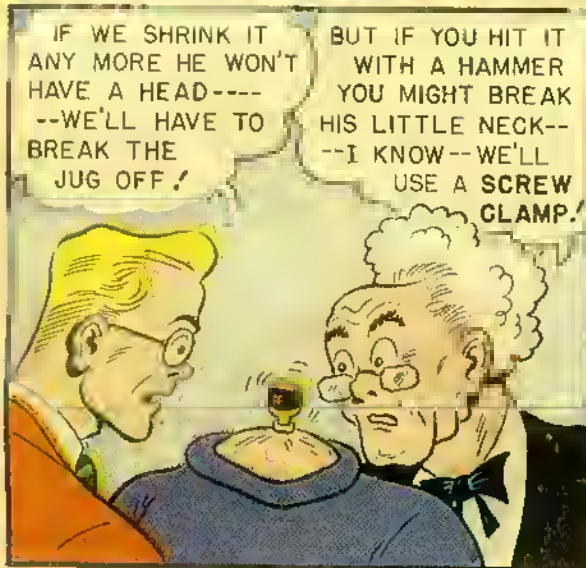
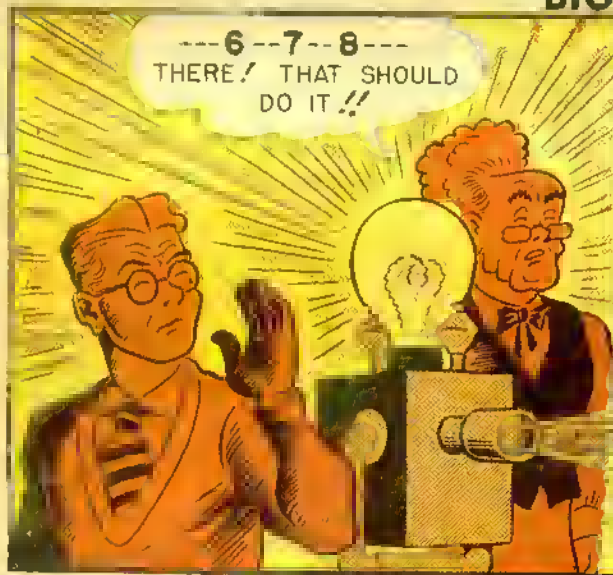
LET'S SHRINK HIS HEAD JUST A WEE BIT MORE AND IT'LL COME OFF EASY--THE JUG, I MEAN!

# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



EVIDENTLY HIS HEAD IS UNDAMAGED OR HE COULDN'T EVEN SAY "DA-DA" SO I'LL GIVE ONE MORE TURN!

**CRACK!!**

THAT DID IT-- THE JUG HAS SHATTERED!

**WAAA!!**

YES---BUT LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENED!?? HE HASN'T ANY EYES, NOSE OR MOUTH!!

HE *MUST* HAVE A MOUTH! HOW ELSE COULD HE CRY!?

IT BEATS TH' PANTS OFF OF ME! BUT LOOK FOR YOURSELF--HIS FACE IS A PERFECT BLANK!!

**WAAA-BAWW!**

YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC-- BUT HE'S STILL CRYING! WHERE'S THE SOUND COMING FROM?!

WAIT! I'LL GET MY MAGNIFYING GLASS!!

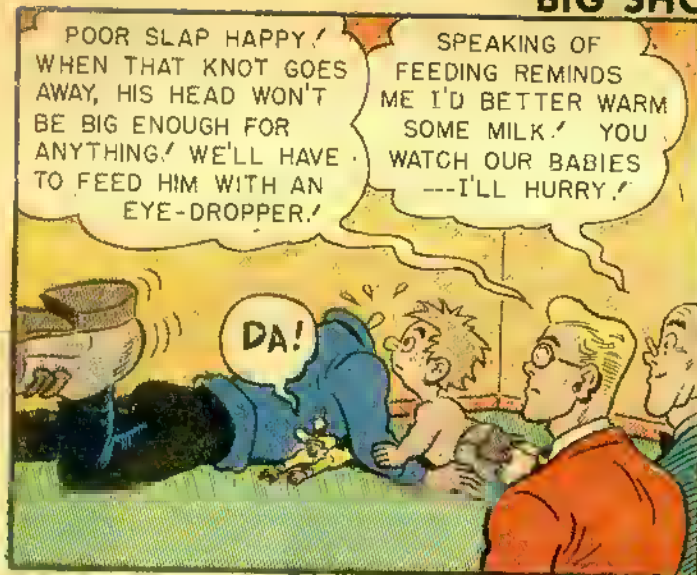
**BOO HOOO!**



**GREAT STARS!!** THAT GLAMP DID HURT HIS LITTLE HEAD---AND WHAT WE WERE LOOKING AT WASN'T HIS FACE AT ALL---

--IT---IT'S THE KNOT ON TOP OF HIS HEAD!!





SPEAKING OF FEEDING REMINDS ME I'D BETTER WARM SOME MILK! YOU WATCH OUR BABIES ---I'LL HURRY!



CLOTHES!? THAT MEANS DIAPERS!! ALL BABIES NEED DIAPERS!!



OKAY, FATHER--YOU FEED 'EM WHILE I FINISH WASHING THESE BABY PANTS TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE NICE AND SANITARY BEFORE I PUT THEM ON OUR LIL' DARLINGS!



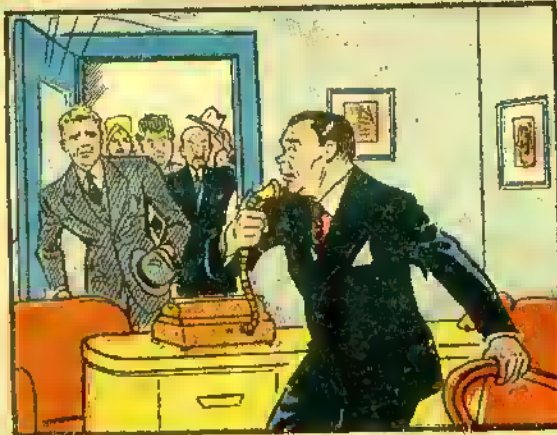
WE DON'T--SO I'VE SUBSTITUTED THE NEXT BEST THING UNTIL I CAN GET TO TOWN AND BUY SOME!



# DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

JIM  
BRADLEY  
HAD  
SECRETLY  
BEEN  
REHEARSING  
DIXIE FOR  
THE LEAD  
IN HIS  
NEW PLAY  
BUT HE  
NEVER  
INTENDED  
TO USE  
HER.



WHAT'S THIS I HEAR  
ABOUT DIXIE DUGAN  
PLAYING THE PART THAT  
I, DONNA DONNA,  
STAR, HAVE BEEN  
REHEARSING  
FOR WEEKS??

H-HOW  
CAN I  
TELL YOU  
IF YOU  
USE THAT  
THING



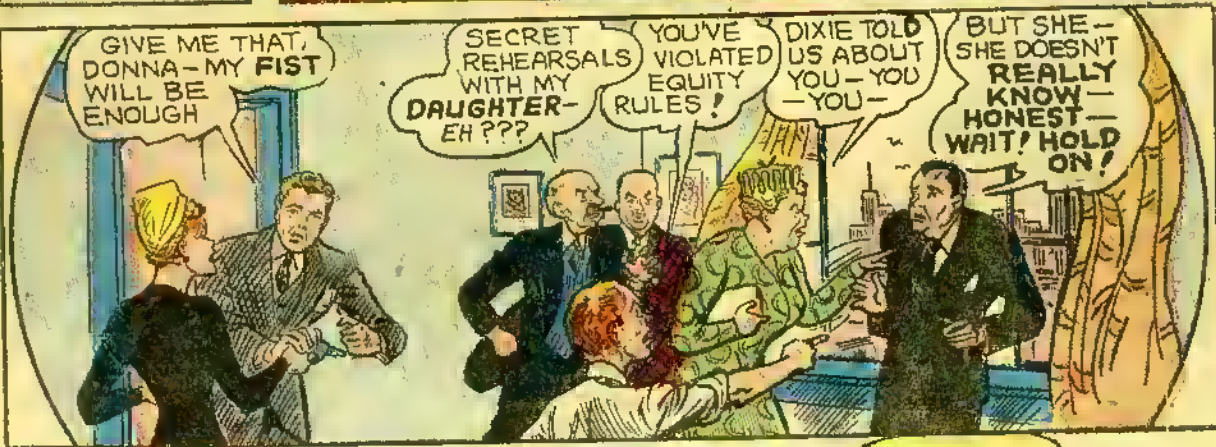
GIVE ME THAT,  
DONNA—MY FIST  
WILL BE  
ENOUGH

SECRET  
REHEARSALS  
WITH MY  
DAUGHTER—  
EH???

YOU'VE  
VIOLATED  
EQUITY  
RULES!

DIXIE TOLD  
US ABOUT  
YOU—YOU  
—YOU—

BUT SHE—  
SHE DOESN'T  
REALLY  
KNOW—  
HONEST—  
WAIT! HOLD  
ON!



STAND BACK!  
ONE MORE STEP  
AND I'LL JUMP!

HE'LL JUMP,  
SAYS HE!

YOU  
PHONY

YOU  
WOULDN'T  
DARE!

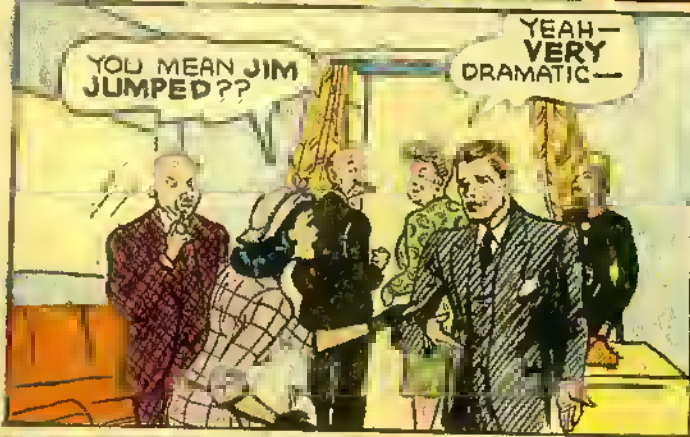


GO AHEAD—  
WHY DON'T  
YOU??



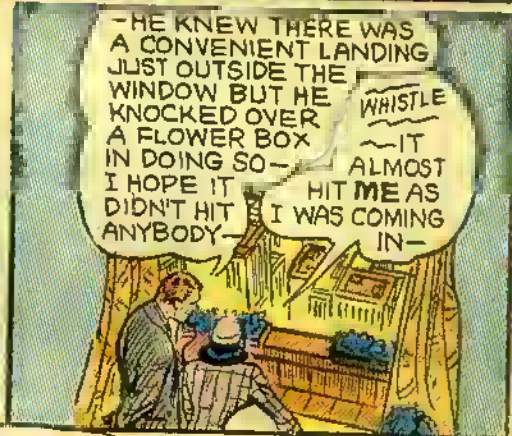


# BIG SHOT



YOU MEAN JIM JUMPED??

YEAH—  
VERY  
DRAMATIC—

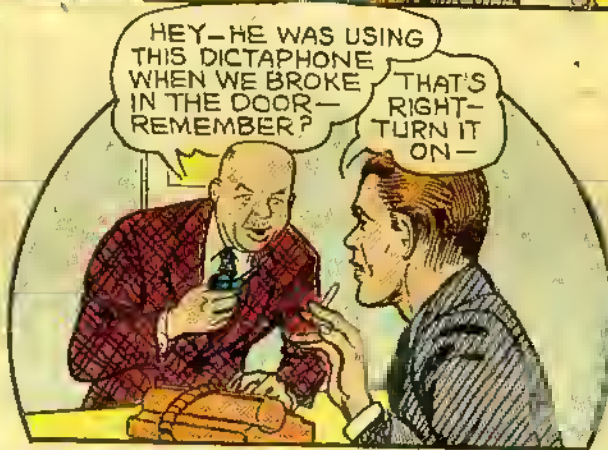


—HE KNEW THERE WAS  
JUST OUTSIDE THE  
WINDOW BUT HE  
KNOCKED OVER  
A FLOWER BOX  
IN DOING SO—  
I HOPE IT  
DIDN'T HIT  
ANYBODY—

WHISTLE  
—IT  
ALMOST  
HIT ME AS  
I WAS COMING  
IN—



WELL—HE GOT  
AWAY— PROBABLY  
DUCKED INTO  
ANOTHER OFFICE  
WINDOW



HEY—HE WAS USING  
THIS DICTAPHONE  
WHEN WE BROKE  
IN THE DOOR—  
REMEMBER?

THAT'S  
RIGHT—  
TURN IT  
ON—

AND  
WHEN  
THEY DO  
THEY'LL  
HEAR  
JIM  
BRADLEY'S  
CON-  
FESSION



—EVERYTHING I'VE DONE  
REGARDING DIXIE WAS FOR  
THE PURPOSE OF SHOWING  
HER UP TO MY BROTHER  
JUD—

WHAT  
DOES  
HE  
THINK I  
AM?—A  
CRIMINAL?!

SH~

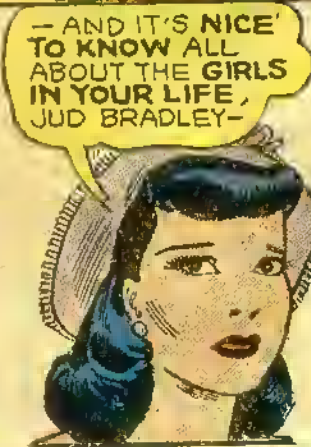
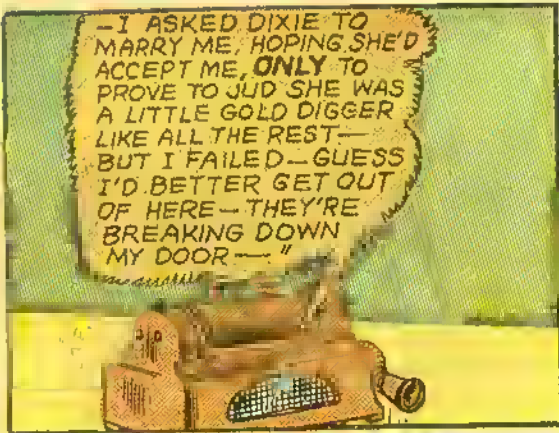


—I'VE SEEN SO MANY  
OTHER GIRLS FUSS AND  
FAWN OVER HIM— AND  
KNOWING HOW EASILY  
HE FALLS I DECIDED  
TO NIP THIS LATEST  
ROMANCE IN  
THE BUD—

AHEM



# BIG SHOT

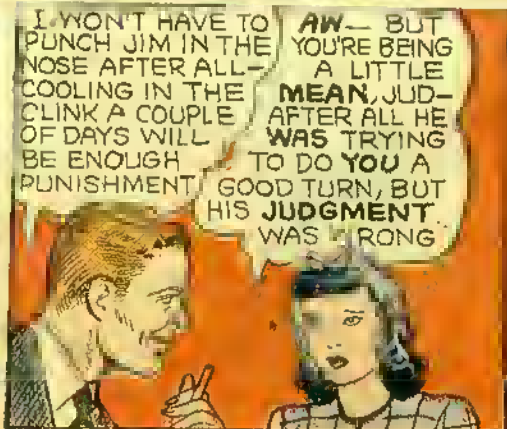
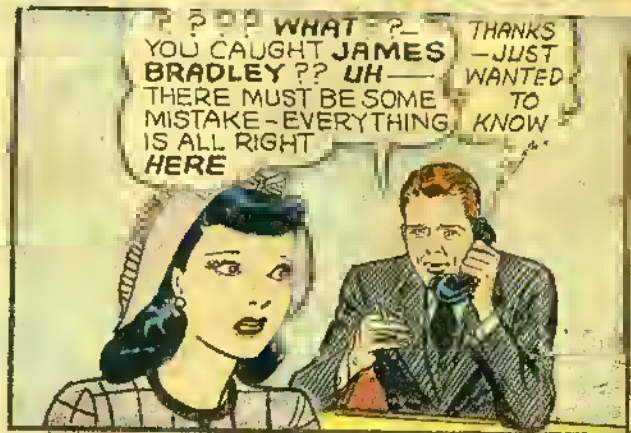
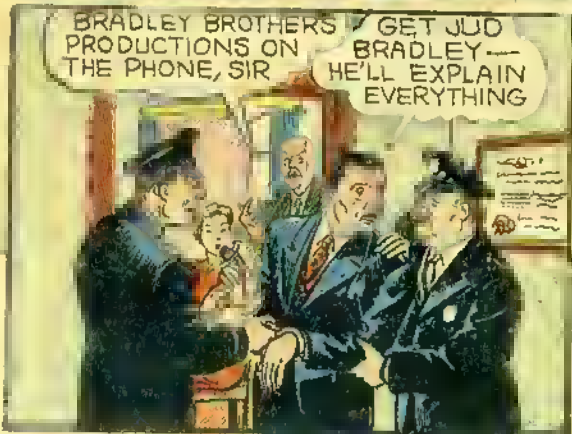
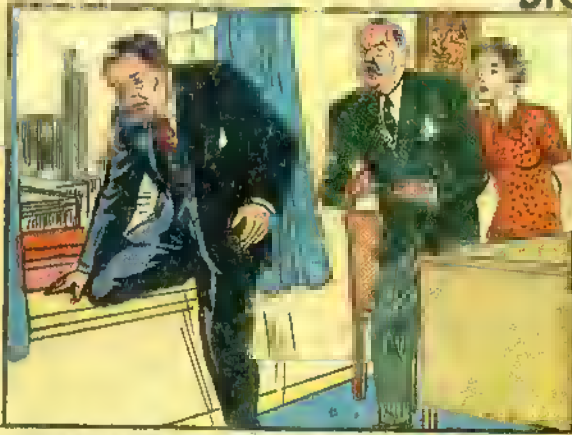


WHAT HAPPENED TO JIM BRADLEY AFTER HE JUMPED OUT OF HIS OFFICE WINDOW?





# BIG SHOT



DIXIE  
DUGAN  
APPEARS  
IN  
EVERY  
ISSUE  
OF  
BIG  
SHOT



# MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

IT'S A CLEVER GANG THAT'S PULLING THESE JOBS, MICKEY—THIS ONE LAST NIGHT MAKES 20 IN TWO WEEKS!—AND NOT A CLUE YET!

I KNOW, SERGEANT—AND THE PAPERS SURE ARE RIDING THE POLICE COMMISSIONER ABOUT IT!

THEY'LL BE RIDING US NEXT, MICKEY! AS SHERIFF, PHIL IS HEAD OF ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT IN THIS COUNTY! WHERE IS HE TODAY?

H-HE TOOK THE KIDS OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY.

OH, MY GOSH! A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY—AND THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY UP IN ARMS OVER THIS! WHAT A SHERIFF HE IS!

I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD COME IN, SERGEANT—BUT HE SAID IT WAS SUCH A NICE DAY THAT—



IT WON'T BE SUCH A NICE DAY IF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY CALLS UP AND WANTS TO SEE HIM ABOUT—



IT'S THE D.A., SERGEANT—HE WANTS TO TALK TO PHIL!

I'LL TAKE IT, DELANEY—PUT HIM ON!

—AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING ABOUT IT, SERGEANT!

WELL—AH—I'LL HAVE HIM CALL YOU AS SOON AS HE COMES IN, SIR!



JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! WHEN DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE GETTING BACK WITH THE KIDS?

OH, HE'LL BE BACK BY NOON, SURE! HE WAS JUST TAKIN' THEM UP TO SILVER LAKE—AND THAT'S ONLY 20 MILES.

GEE, IT'S PRETTY! IS IT FULL OF SILVER, UNCLE PHIL?

NO, SUNNY—THEY JUST CALL IT SILVER LAKE BECAUSE YEARS AGO A CRAZY HEKMIT THOUGHT THERE WAS SILVER IN THESE HILLS—AND DUG A LOT OF MINES

THEY'RE LONG TUNNELS UNDER THE GROUND, TOMMY—LIKE RABBITS MAKE—ONLY TEN TIMES BIGGER!

WHAT ARE MINES?



GOLLY—DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE IS ONE UNDER US RIGHT NOW, UNCLE PHIL?

I CAN TELL QUICKLY ENOUGH! IF THERE IS, THERE'LL BE A HOLLOW SOUND WHEN I JUMP—STAND BACK!

NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY!





# BIG SHOT

IT IS NOW LONG PAST NOON AND UNCLE PHIL HAS NOT YET RETURNED FROM HIS DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY WITH THE CHILDREN.

HAVE HIM CALL US THE MINUTE HE GETS BACK, MA—THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WANTS TO SEE HIM!

VERY WELL, MICHAEL—THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON NOW

HE MUST'VE TAKEN THEM BEYOND SILVER LAKE, MICKEY!

I DON'T THINK HE WOULD HAVE, SERGEANT—HE MUST HAVE DROPPED IN SOMEWHERE FOR LUNCH!

PHIL HAS DROPPED IN, ALL RIGHT—BUT NOT FOR LUNCH! HE HAS FALLEN INTO AN OLD MINE IN THE HILLS NEAR SILVER LAKE.

C-CAN YOU SEE HIM?

N-NO—IT'S ALL BLACK DOWN THERE!



I—I SEE HIM NOW! HE'S TRYIN' TO CLIMB BACK UP!

UNCLE PHIL! ARE YOU HURT?



N-NO—I'M OKAY! BUT I CAN'T GET UP TO THAT HOLE WITHOUT HELP! SO LISTEN TO WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO—



—AND STOP THE FIRST CAR THAT COMES ALONG! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YESSIR!

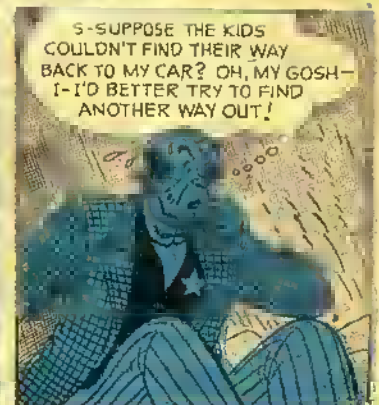


WHEN WILL A CAR COME? I'M GETTIN' HUNGRY!

ONE WILL HAVE TO COME ALONG PRETTY SOON!



S-SUPPOSE THE KIDS COULDN'T FIND THEIR WAY BACK TO MY CAR? OH, MY GOSH—I-I'D BETTER TRY TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!



AH—DAYLIGHT AHEAD! THAT MUST BE THE ENTRANCE TO THIS SHAFT!



?





# BIG SHOT

SEEKING A WAY OUT OF THE OLD MINE INTO WHICH HE HAS FALLEN, UNCLE PHIL MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

C-CARS! T-THEY MUST BE THE ONES THAT GANG HAS BEEN STEALIN'!

A-AND SOME OF THE GANG MUST BE UP THERE AROUND THE ENTRANCE! I-I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO WHERE I FELL IN-AND GET OUT THAT WAY-SOMEHOW!

IT'S NO USE-I CAN'T MAKE IT! ON, IF ONLY THE KIDS FOUND THEIR WAY BACK TO THE ROAD- THEY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO STOP SOME CAR-AND BRING HELP!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, KIDS?

M-MY UNCLE FELL INTO AN OLD MINE AND CAN'T GET OUT-UP THERE!

HELLO, DOWN THERE! ARE YOU HURT?

GLORY BE! HELP AT LAST! NO-I'M OKAY! B-BUT YOU'LL NEED A ROPE TO PULL ME UP!

IT'S LUCKY WE HAD THIS TOW ROPE IN OUR CAR!

YES-BUT IT WAS EVEN LUCKIER THAT I FELL IN! WHAT DO YOU THINK I FOUND DOWN THERE- WHILE I WAS TRYIN' TO GET OUT?

WHAT?

YOU'VE READ IN THE PAPERS ABOUT THE GANG THAT'S BEEN STEALIN' ALL THE CARS AROUND HERE, HAVEN'T YOU?

SURE!

WELL, CONFIDENTIALLY, THOSE CARS ARE RIGHT DOWN THERE IN THAT MINE- THAT'S WHERE THE GANG HAS BEEN HIDIN' 'EM!

YOU SAW THE CARS?

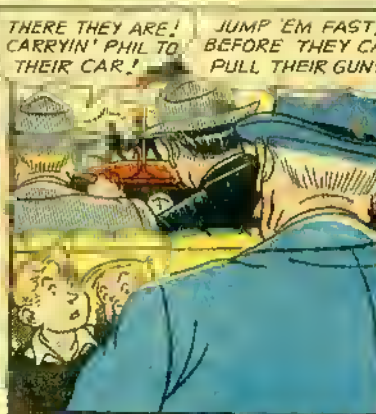
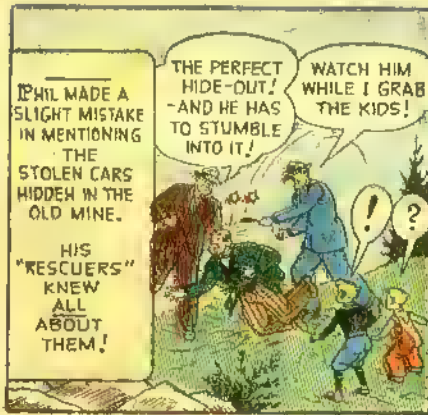
YOU BET I DID! AND I'VE GOT TO GET TO A PHONE QUICK- YOU SEE I'M THE SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY.

AND BY THE WAY- WHO ARE YOU FELLAS?

WE'RE THE GUYS WHO STOLE THE CARS!

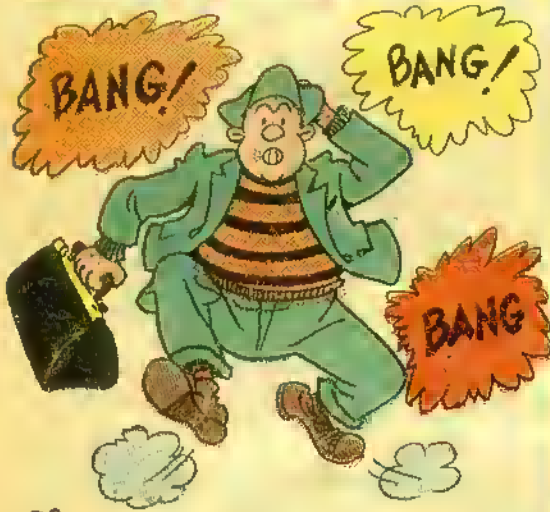


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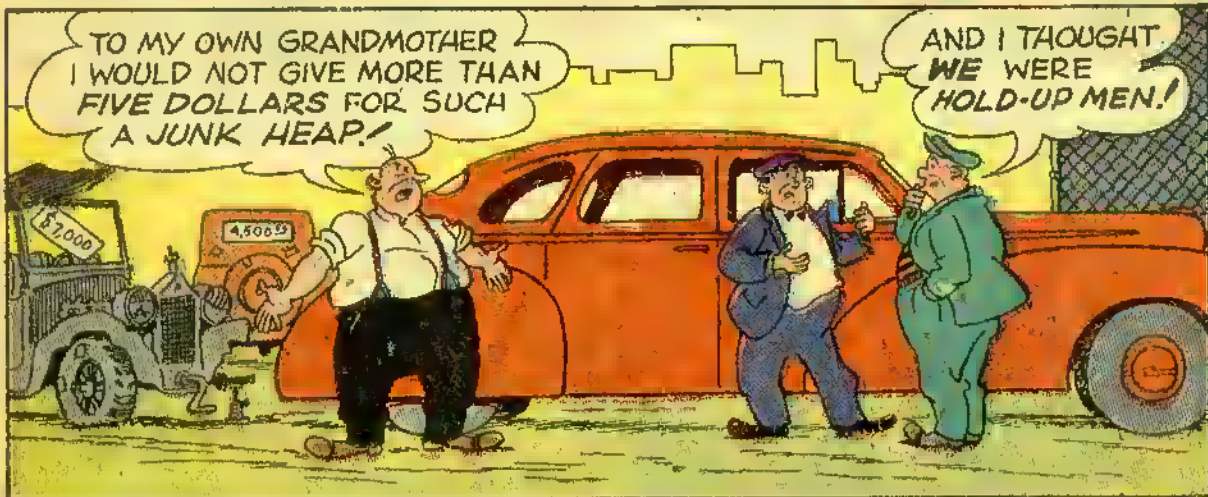
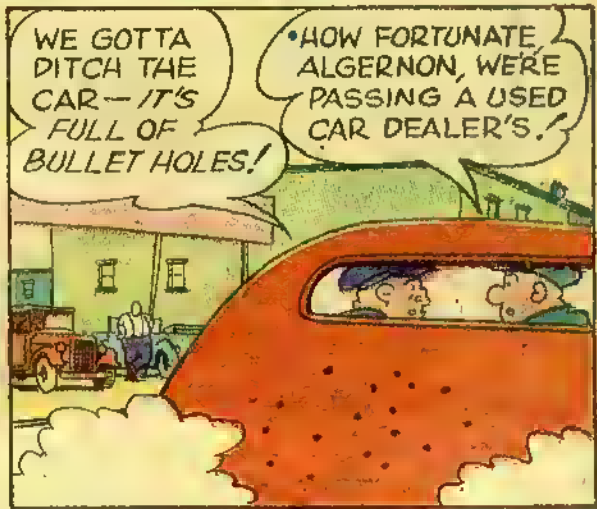
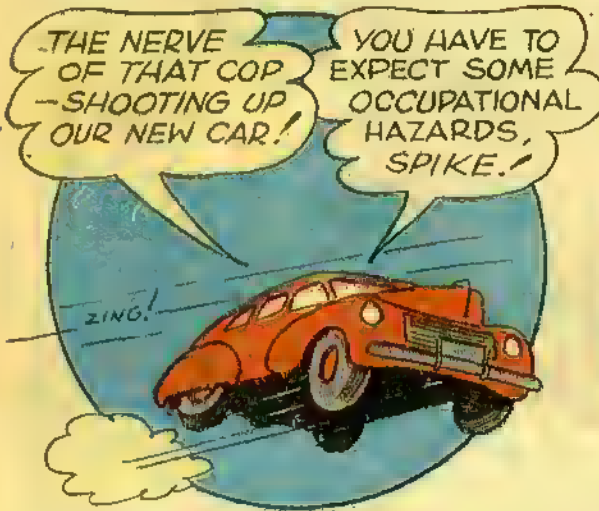
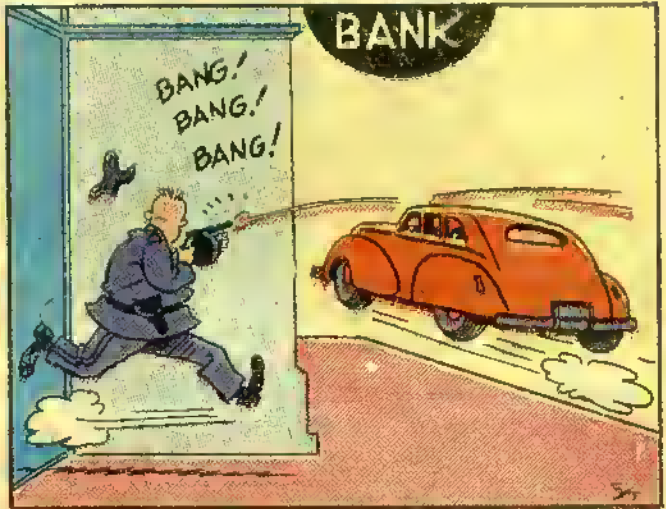


## BRASS KNUCKLES

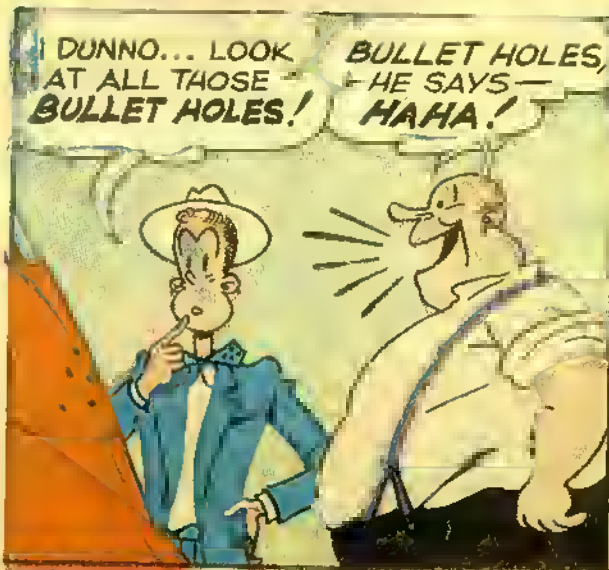
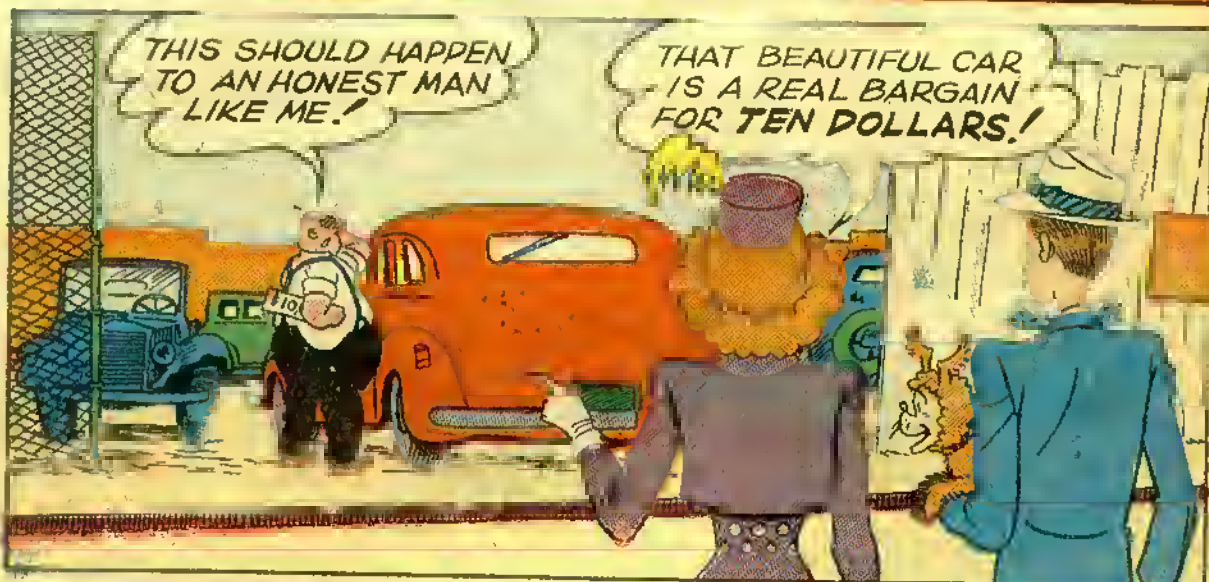
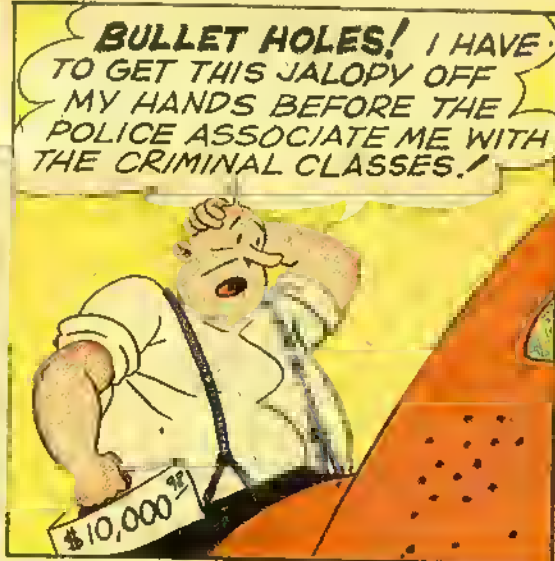
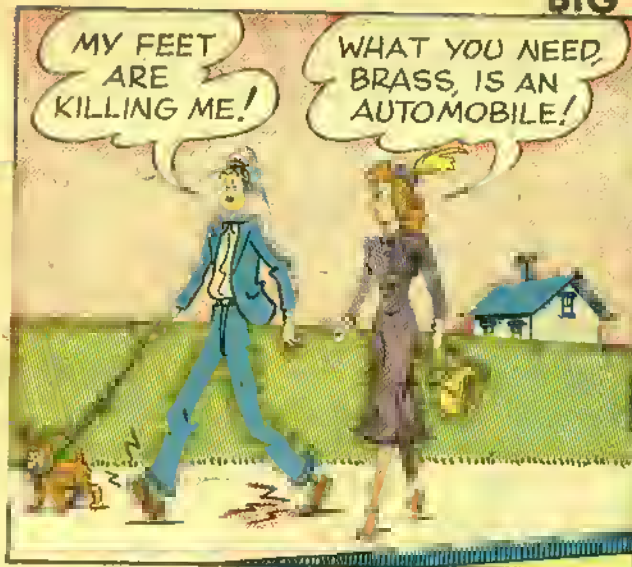
by MARTY MARION

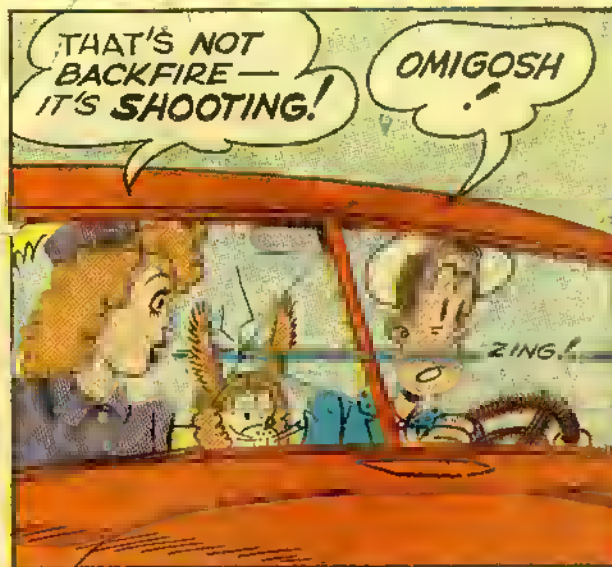
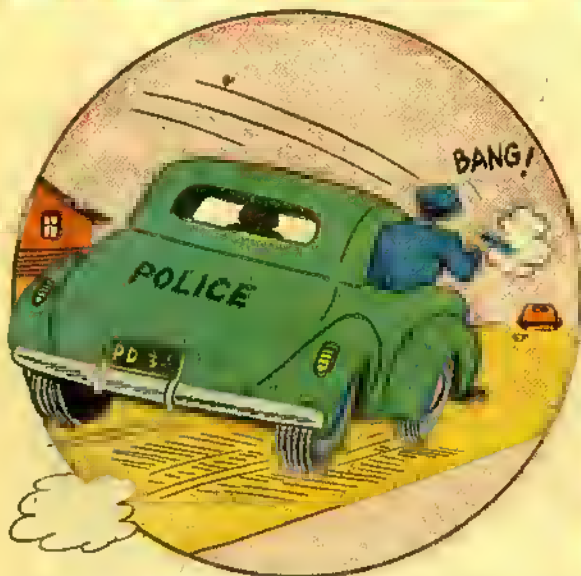
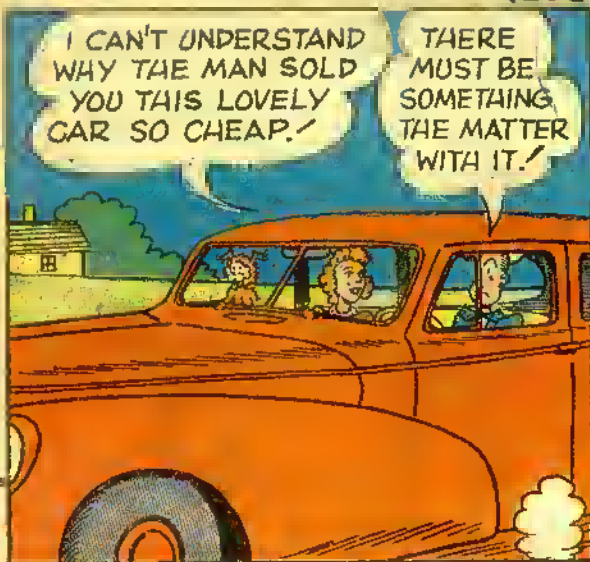


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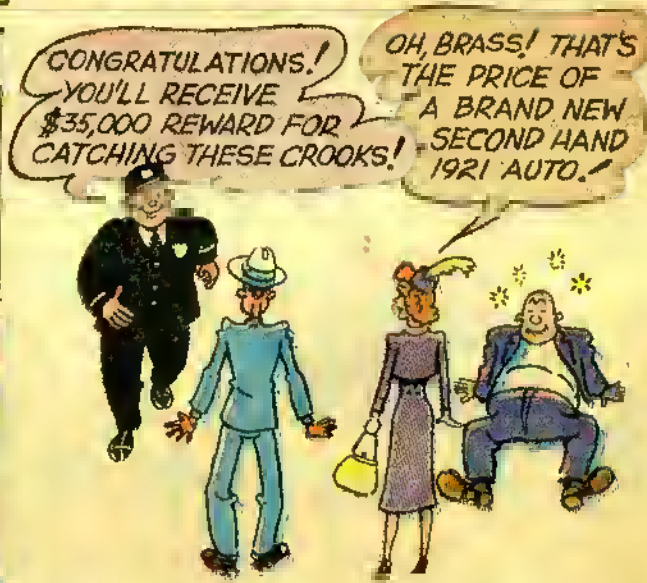
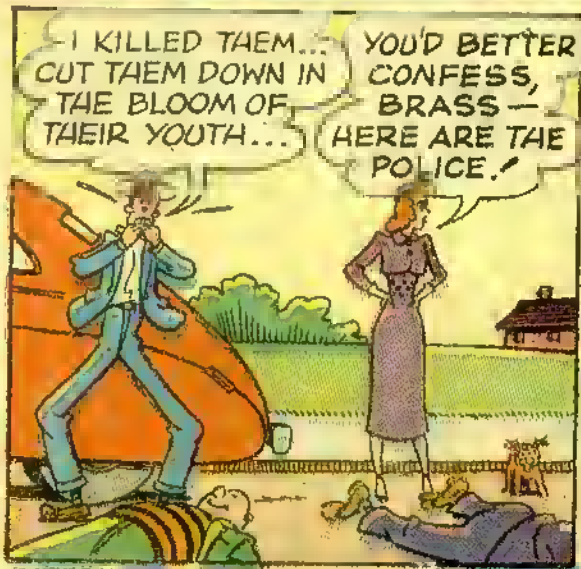
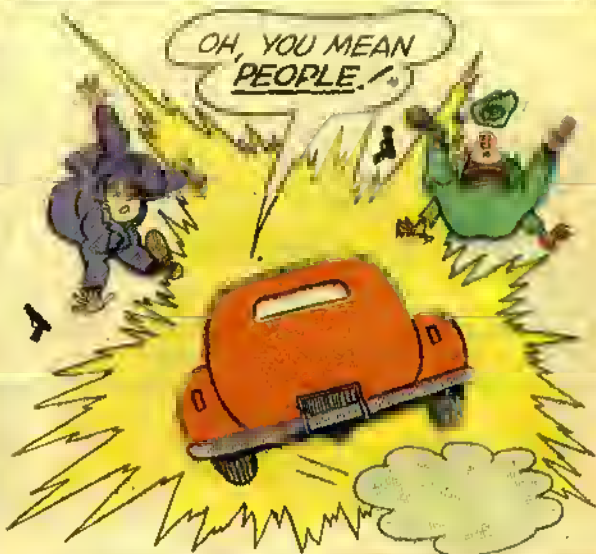
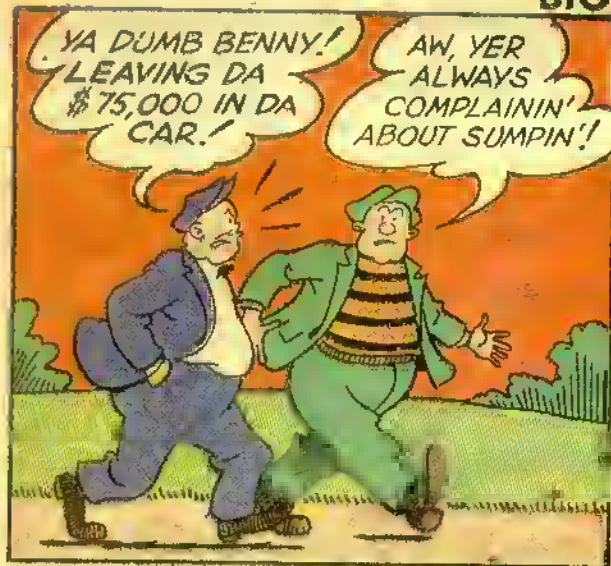








# BIG SHOT



# "I Wonder What's Become of —"

By MART BAILEY

GOOD OLD BUMPY was both disappointed and perplexed. The evening newspapers carried no account of Jack Beerymore's sudden departure for the Other World. There was only a brief paragraph, appropriately near the obituaries, which mentioned the continued absence of the popular actor, who had vanished three days before, on the opening night of his latest play.

Good Old Bumpy had expected to read that the body had been found in a sewer or a sack—or wherever the cognoscenti hide such matters that might involve them with the Police.

For that Jack Beerymore was now numbered among the Faithful Departed, Good Old Bumpy was certain, because on the very night of Jack's disappearance a revolver was emptied upon their mutual friend, Don Gilholy. You will remember that Don Gilholy's Broadway column had recently stirred the ire of the Underworld; and to this, Good Old Bumpy ascribed this subsequent violence. The bullets frightened eight lives of a tomcat sleeping in a geranium bed, and missed the columnist, who was just leaving for the theater. But Good Old Bumpy feared that Jack Beerymore had been less fortunate.

It was, decided the red-haired young man with the enormous brow and the large, bumpy nose, an occasion when a fellow needed a *Genalo Paradise Fizz* to comfort his distraught soul. And since the lanky form that housed his distraught soul was already cramped into one of the tight little wooden booths of Genalo's Paradise Grill, he pressed the buzzer for service.

At the moment, however, Apollo, the sour-pussed gorilla who tended to the spiritual needs of Mr. Genalo's customers, was otherwise engaged. A scarecrowish hunchback, whose matted red hair framed a nightmarish face, had gained admittance by following at the heels of a more respectable customer; and Apollo was now forcefully ejecting him.

When he had ousted the scarecrow, however, Apollo suddenly relented and gruffly asked what he wanted. The hunchback, displaying a pair of antique collar buttons, mumbled something about unemployment and seven children. Two big tears rivuleted down Apollo's simian countenance. With a grandiose gesture, Apollo handed the unfortunate a quarter and gave him permission to try his luck with the customers.

Seemingly stunned by this unexpected generosity, the hunchback collected a few dimes

from the foggy-eyed men who stood at the bar. Upon coming face to face with Butsy Ratsoff, Benny Ratsoff's baby brother, he staggered in his tracks, but the short, thickset underworldling attributed this reaction to palsy and doubled his contribution. The hunchback lost no time, however, in shuffling towards the booth where Good Old Bumpy sat.

The lanky young man with the bumpy nose groped instinctively for his wallet. Snatching the twenty-dollar bill which Good Old Bumpy automatically extended, the nightmarish beggar whispered in a cackling voice: "Don't get that Alice in Wonderland look in your piggish eyes. Jack Beerymore sent me. Come quickly to 711 West Ache Street. And bring two charcoal steak dinners with a side dish of roast duck and a bottle of *Genalo's Paradise Fizz*."

Despite himself, Good Old Bumpy could feel the Alice in Wonderland look creeping into his porcine blue eyes as he realized that Jack Beerymore was alive and wanted his help.

A short yelp snapped his reverie, and he saw the hunchback scurrying towards the door. The next instant a terrific slam told that the beggar had gone. And the most astonished person in Genalo's Paradise Grill was Butsy Ratsoff, who had just taken out his .44 automatic pistol to explain to Apollo the intricacies of the gunmaker's art.

711 WEST ACHE STREET was a five-story pile of dirty red bricks, fire escapes, and garbage cans.

Good Old Bumpy, hearing the scrape of stumbling feet as he climbed the iron bannistered stoop, glanced over his shoulder and saw the hunchback coming up the steps, his bloated lips stretched over doggish teeth in what was meant for a friendly greeting.

Without a word, the beggar gripped Good Old Bumpy's wrist in a clawlike hand and hurried him up five flights of creaking stairs through a solid mass of stale cooking odors to a leprous looking door, which he opened with a jangling bunch of keys. Furtively, the hunchback darted inside the dark room and pulled the shade down over the single window.

The unshaded light which the nightmarish man pulled on showed the room to be small, dirty, and disordered. The flowered wallpaper had hung in tatters since about 1918; clothing



## BIG SHOT

was strewn upon the solitary chair and across the patch quilt that covered the iron bed. From under an untidy bureau peeped a huge, battered trunk.

The hunchback turned with another horrible grin and, pushing his guest aside, bolted and re-bolted the door.

Good Old Bumpy felt as if he had been thrust into an especially morbid melodrama. He suspected that the body of his actor friend had been stuffed into the battered trunk under the bureau.

"Where's Mr. Beerymore?" he demanded with a frown.

The hunchback jumped nervously. "Sh!" he hissed, his nightmarish face pale beneath its filth. "Don't talk so loud! Tell me, were you followed?"

"Followed? No, I don't think so. But where's—"

The nightmare chuckled and performed a miracle. The monstrous teeth, the John L. Lewis brows, the matted red hair sailed onto the bed; the ragged coat slipped to the floor, and the beggar's fingers worked over the straps that bound an artificial hunch to his back.

Good Old Bumpy stared.

Jack Beerymore, the missing actor, stood grinning before him.

"I knew you all the time," said Good Old Bumpy.

The actor stopped wiping the grime off his face. "No!"

Good Old Bumpy lighted a cigaret and nonchalantly exhaled the first geyser of smoke. "Positively did."

"But how?"

"That hair. Impossible color."

"It's the exact shade of your own!" retorted the actor, his pride outraged, because his genius for disguise was one of his most cherished accomplishments.

Good Old Bumpy shrugged. "I wasn't the only one who recognized you."

"You mean Butsy Ratsoff knew it was I?"

"Butsy Ratsoff? Was that—"

"Yes. Benny Ratsoff's brother, who succeeded him in the Underworld. . . . Do you think he knew me?"

"He drew his pistol for the coup-de-grace, so to speak, didn't he?"

Jack Beerymore groaned. "You must help me!" He grasped the lapels of his friend's coat. "You got me into this mess!"

Good Old Bumpy lifted his eyebrows. "You're nerfs! Stark, raving nerfs!"

"I'm not. You introduced me to Benny Ratsoff as Limehouse Louey, a British trigger-man, who went around with a sign, 'This Gun for Hire. Reasonable Rates,' hanging from my .44."

"You wanted money to save your play, didn't you?"

"Sure. But I didn't want to get mixed up with the Underworld. Remember that envelope addressed to Limehouse Louey and containing thirty thousand dollars which arrived at Jerry Swancourt's place a couple of days after the Fourth of July, after we scared Benny Ratsoff and his mob by setting off the firecrackers and stuff? You ought to, because you kept ten thousand dollars for yourself as commission."

Good Old Bumpy shrugged the matter aside as negligible.

"Well," continued the actor, "Benny Ratsoff expected me to earn that money."

"He did?"

Jack Beerymore nodded, his classic features a mournful mask.

"You mean he actually expected you to bump off our chum Don Gilholy?"

Again the doctor nodded.

"Wait till Don hears this!" Good Old Bumpy chuckled. "But what has that to do with your disappearance? Benny is honeymooning somewhere in South America."

"I know. But his little baby brother with the pearl-handled machine guns is still here." The actor slumped on the bed and began moodily chewing on one of the charcoal steak dinners which Good Old Bumpy had brought along. "A week after I received the envelope, Butsy came to Plurtotles Manor, Jerry Swancourt's place, and told me that his big brother Benny was dissatisfied with my delay. He said if I didn't fulfill my part of the contract soon, I'd go for a one-way ride myself. I'd have confessed and given back the money; but the money was already spent, and there was a mean look in Butsy's baby blue eyes that indicated he would not react favorably should he discover it had all been a joke. So I kept quiet, and agreed to live up to your recommendation. You said I was a trigger-man extraordinary, remember?"

"I did?" Good Old Bumpy laughed softly. "That's funny."

Jack Beerymore scowled. "I phoned my managers to change the name of the play and the name of the principal character, so as to obliterate forever 'Limehouse Louey.' Everything went all right for another week, until Butsy and two gorilla chums called again at Plurtotles. This time I was in New York, but Jerry, knowing nothing of my circumstances, gave them my address. They arrived at my place just as I was about to leave for the theater. They said that I had to keep my bargain that night, and insisted upon trailing along—to get a few pointers from a real trigger artist."

Good Old Bumpy whistled. "So it was you who fired upon Don Gilholy?"

"Yes," replied the actor through a mouthful of charcoal steak and French fried potatoes. "But I didn't mean to shoot him." He looked up from the cardboard plate on his knees and, his eyes shining, inquired eagerly, "Did I?"

# The SKYMAN

By *Cody Whitney*

YOU KNOW THE LAYOUT OF THIS LAIR BETTER THAN I DO, FAWN! WHAT'S THE ROUTE OF LEAST RESISTANCE INTO THAT RAT-TRAP?

HM-M, SLOGGA'S SHIP RETURNS EARLIER THAN EXPECTED -- MOST STRANGE! CONTACT THEM OVER THE INTER-CODE COMMUNICATION LINE, SKARR! AT ONCE!

USING A LITTLE "DOWN TO EARTH" STRATEGY, SKYMAN AND ALEC ELUDED THE FLOOD OF FOOT GUARDS DISPATCHED FROM THE GROUNDED VENUSIAN SPACE CRAFT... THEN, DOUBLING BACK TO THE CRAFT, SKYMAN TAKES COMMAND, LEAVING THE RAGING CAPTAIN SLOGGA AND HIS MEN MARDOONED... NOW, GUIDED BY FAWN AND GLORIA, WHO WERE ABOARD THE SHIP, SKYMAN HOVERS BEFORE SLOGGA'S HIDEOUT, WHERE THE LAST OF THE EARTH PRISONERS ARE BEING HELD....

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE STUCK ME WITH THE SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR DILEMMA! THE ONLY ENTRANCE THAT I KNOW OF IS PROBABLY LOADED WITH HIDDEN LIZARDS!

TOWER DOME TO SPACE CRAFT -- GIVE CODE SIGNAL -- GIVE CODE SIGNAL, CAPTAIN SLOGGA

OH-OH, SOME CUTE CHARACTER WANTS TO CHAT OVER THE PHONE IN CODE! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



# BIG SHOT

MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE HIDEOUT, DEUCE WILDE AND THE OTHERS, NEGLECTED BY THE GUARDS, WANDER ABOUT THE LONG PRISON CORRIDORS....

SINCE SLOGGA SHOVED OFF, DEM GUARDS BEEN GIVEN US TH' RUN OF TH' JERNT!

YEAH, WE CAN RUN ANY PLACE--EXCEPT OUT OF HERE!



HEY, HOW'S ABOUT DAT "TOWER DOME" DOOR, NELSON? IT AINT EVEN LOCKED!

NO DICE, DEUCE! THE WAY I FIGURE IT, WE'RE CAGED UP ON THE SIDE OF A MIGHTY BIG MOUNTAIN AND THE ONLY LOGICAL LINE OF ESCAPE IS DOWNWARD! GOING UP WOULD BE A WASTE OF TIME!



MAYBE YES, MAYBE NO, BUT I'M GONNA TAKE A GAMBLE! ARE YA COMIN'?

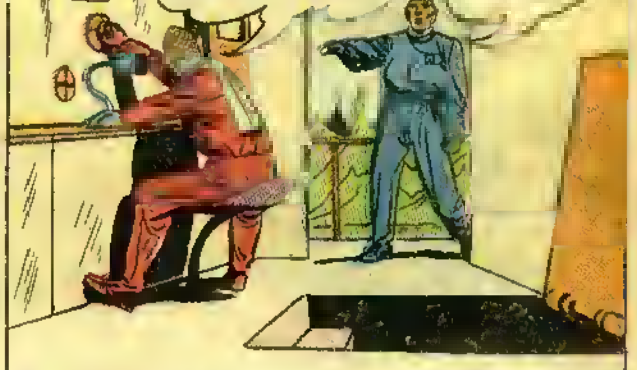
WEL--L-- ALL RIGHT, DEUCE, WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY!



ATTENTION, SPACE CRAFT-- GIVE CODE SIGNAL!

THERE'S NO RESPONSE ON BOARD, RAYON!

ALERT ALL POSTS TO PREPARE TO OPEN FIRE!



AND AT THAT INSTANT, DEUCE REACHES THE TOP OF THE TOWER STEPS....

ATTENTION ALL POSTS -- ATTENTION!

THAT MONKEY'S GONNA GET PLENTY OF ATTENTION--FROM ME TRUSTY WRENCH!

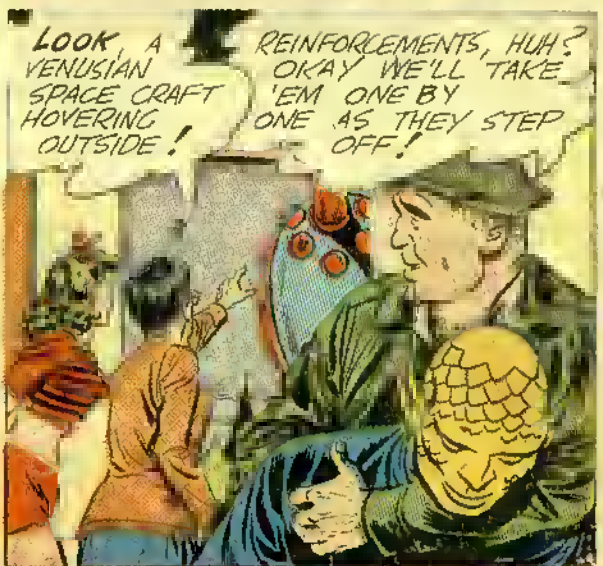
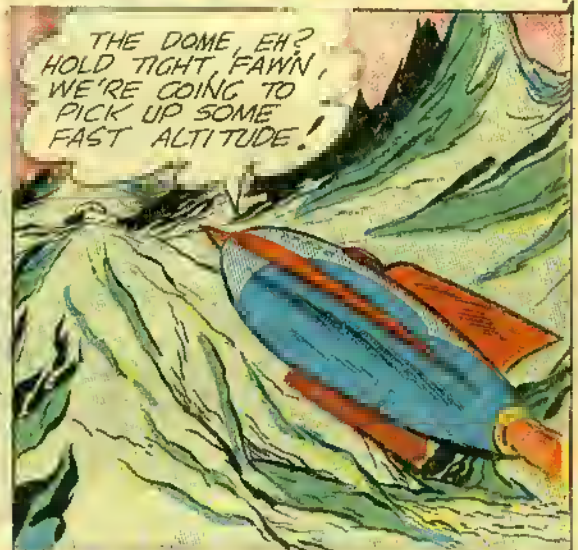
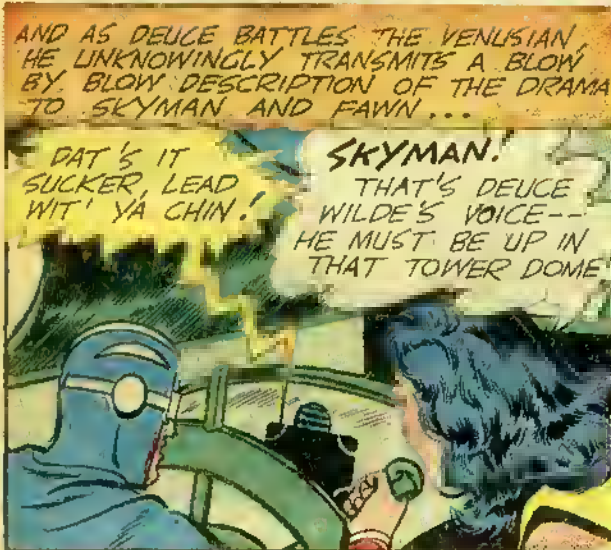
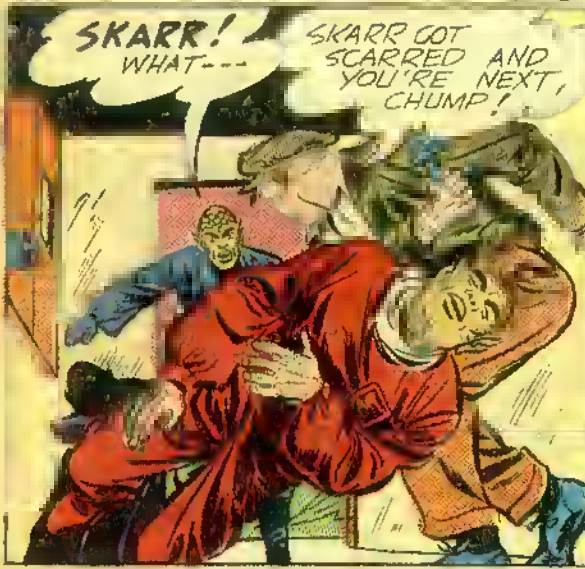


PREPARE TO OPEN--

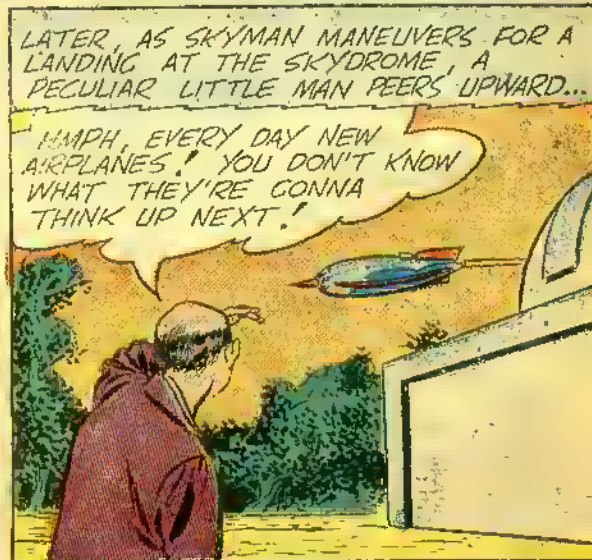
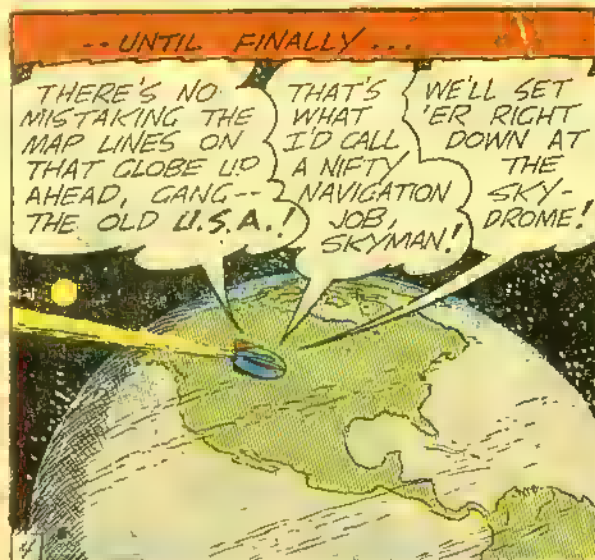
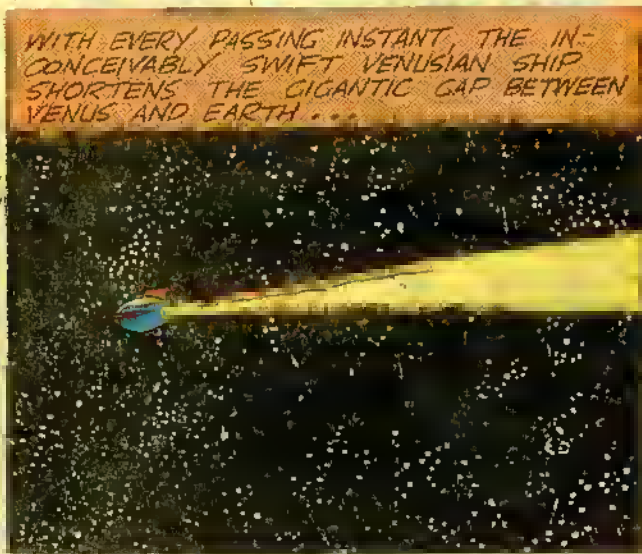
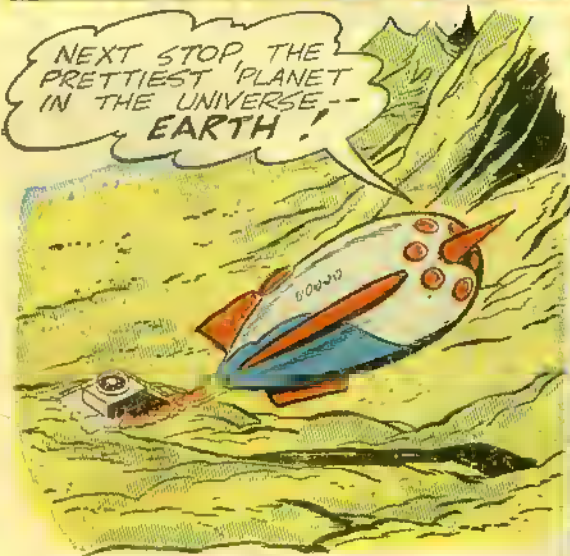
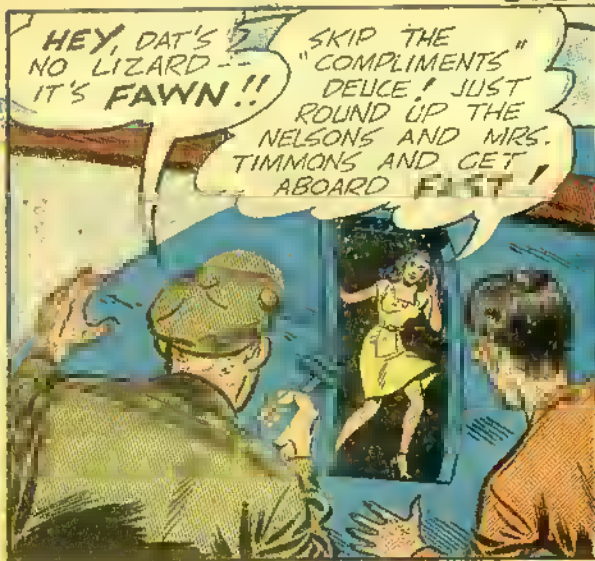
PREPARE TO PASS OUT, PRETTY BOY!





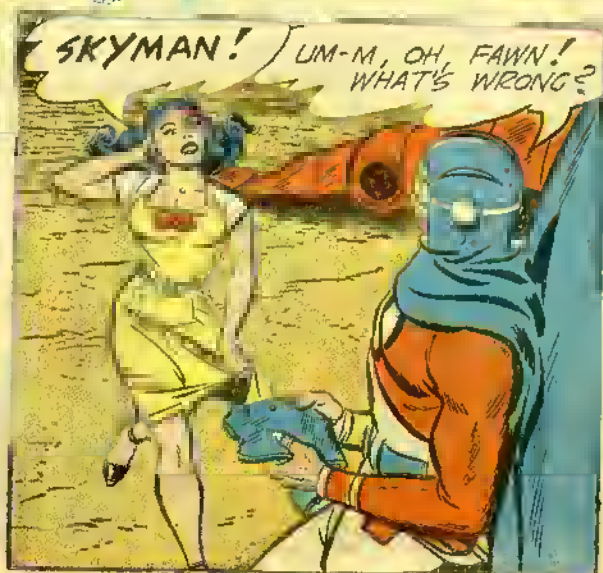
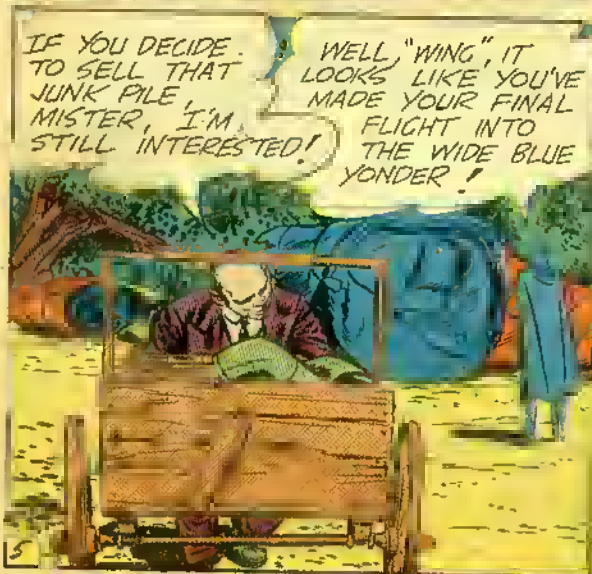
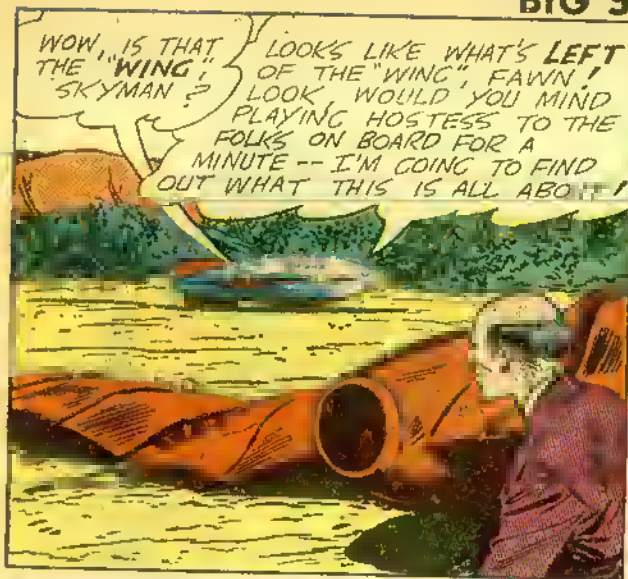






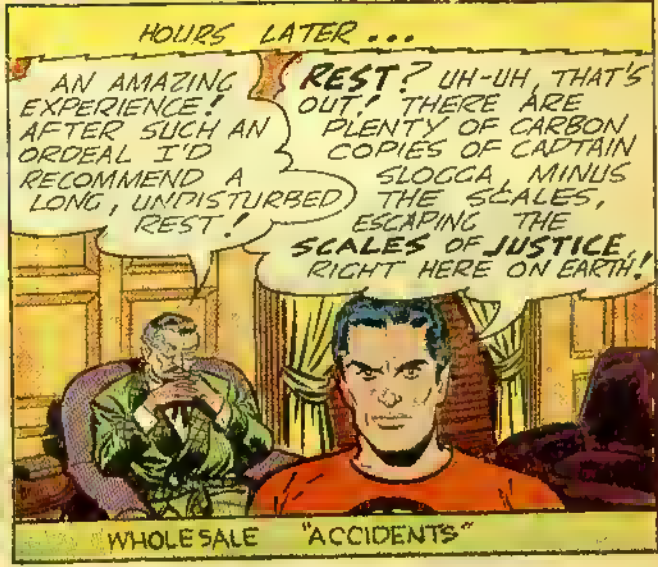
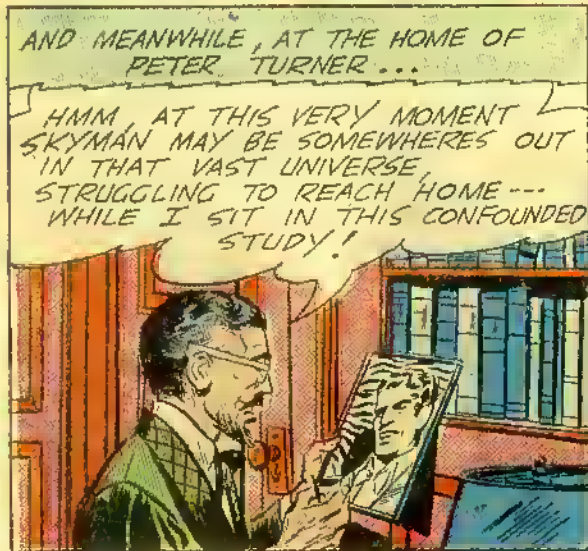
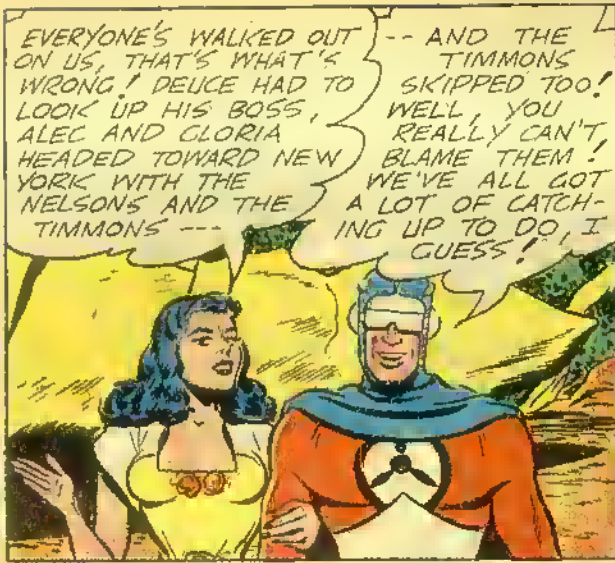


# BIG SHOT





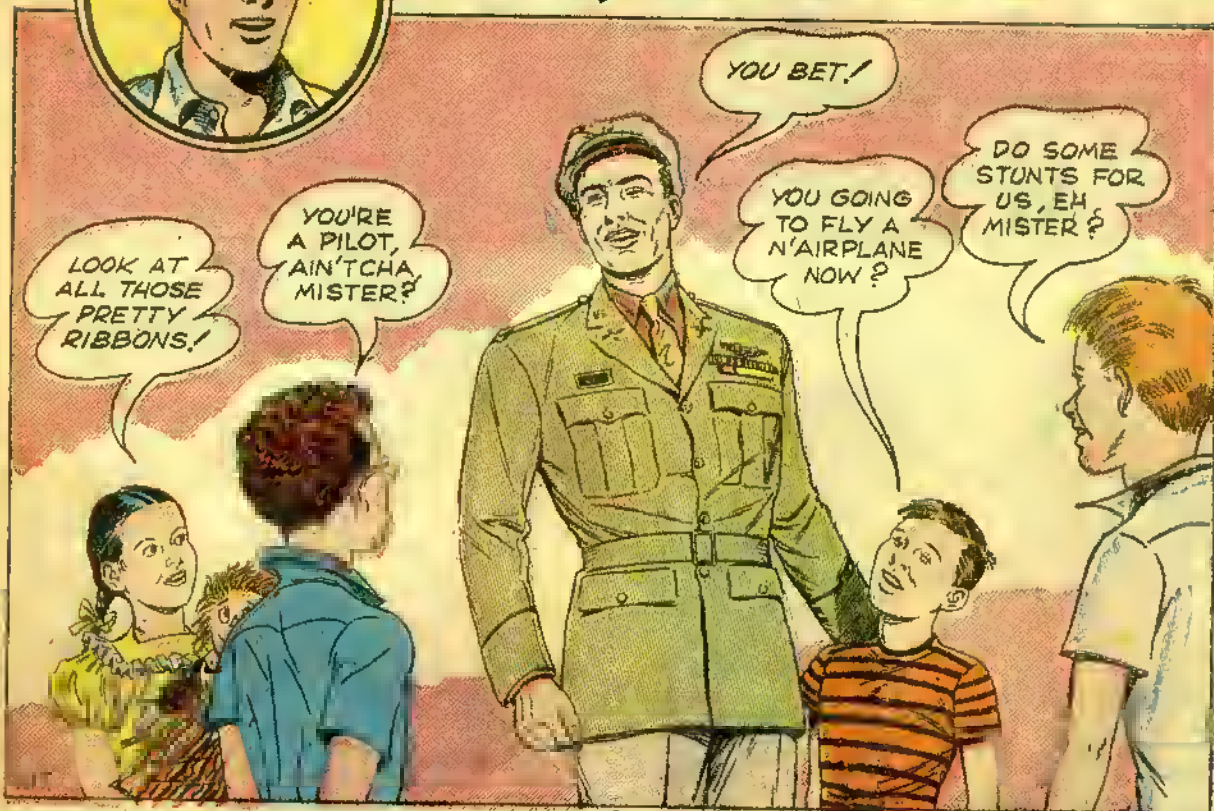
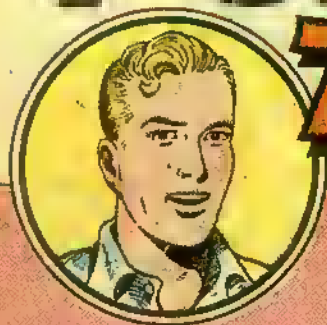
# BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

# TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



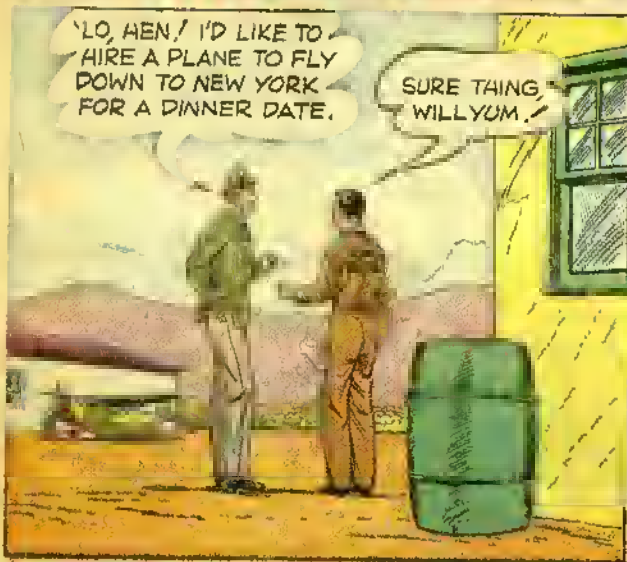
YOU BET!

DO SOME STUNTS FOR US, EH MISTER?

YOU GOING TO FLY A N' AIRPLANE NOW?

YOU'RE A PILOT, AIN'TCHA MISTER?

LOOK AT ALL THOSE PRETTY RIBBONS!



'LO, HEN! I'D LIKE TO HIRE A PLANE TO FLY DOWN TO NEW YORK FOR A DINNER DATE.

SURE THING, WILLYUM.

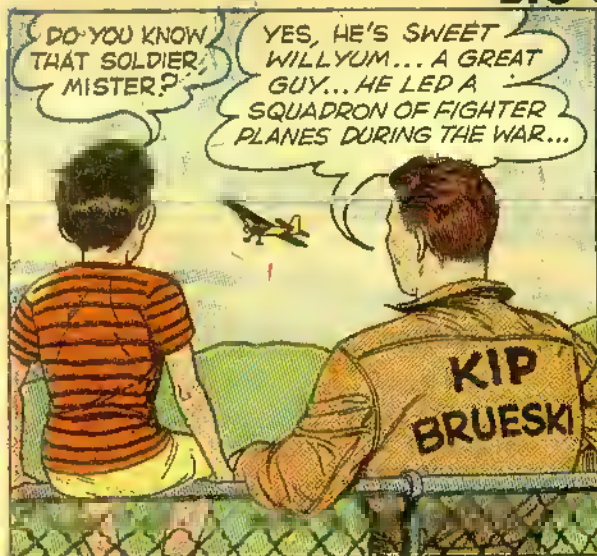


I'M GOING TO BE A PILOT WHEN I GROW UP!

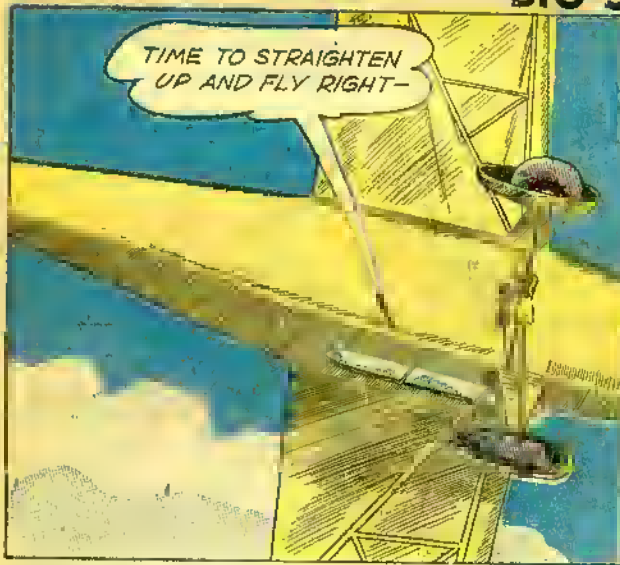
DO YOU THINK HE'LL REALLY DO SOME STUNTS FOR US?



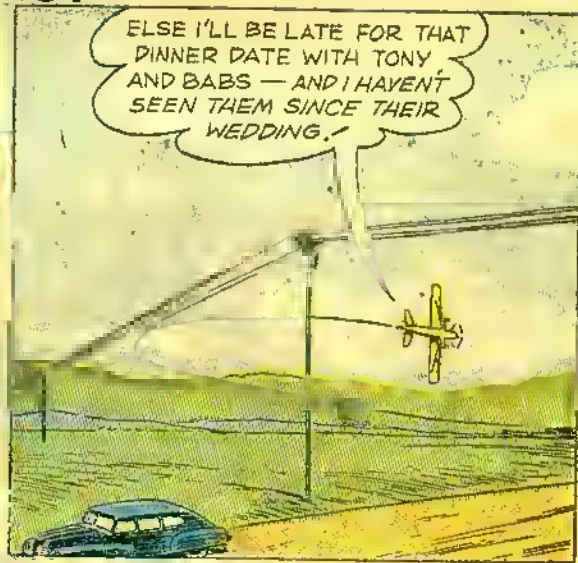
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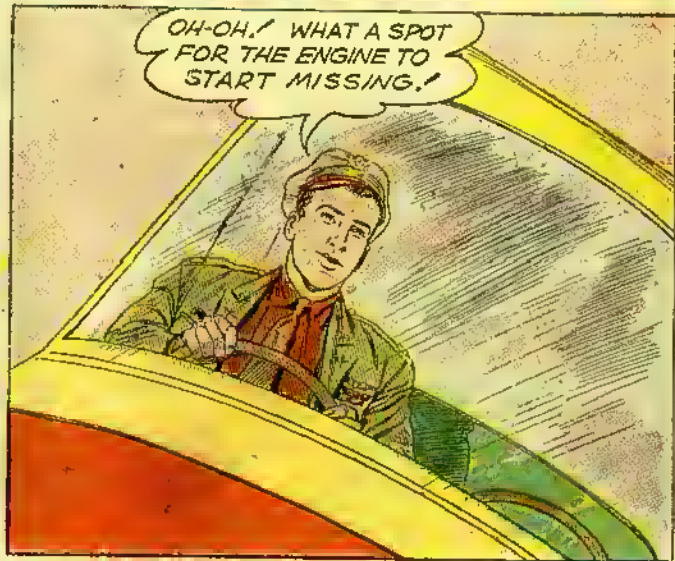
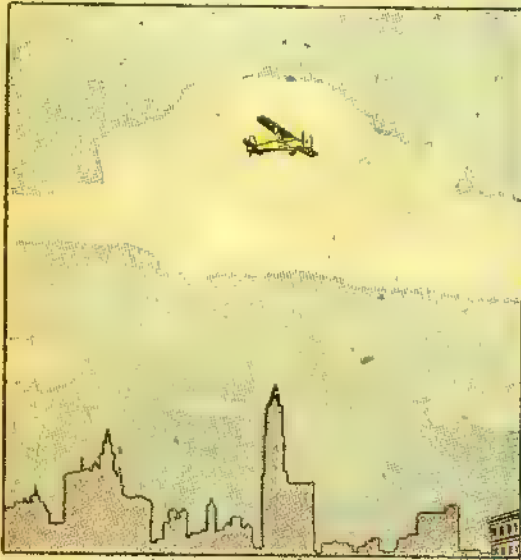
# BIG SHOT



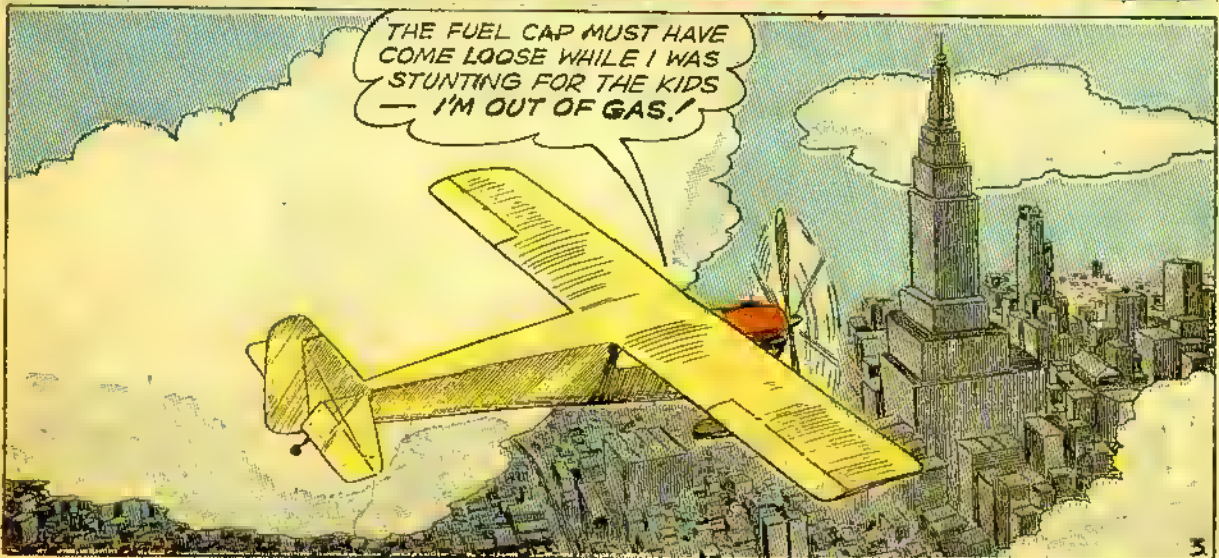
TIME TO STRAIGHTEN  
UP AND FLY RIGHT—



ELSE I'LL BE LATE FOR THAT  
DINNER DATE WITH TONY  
AND BABS — AND I HAVEN'T  
SEEN THEM SINCE THEIR  
WEDDING!



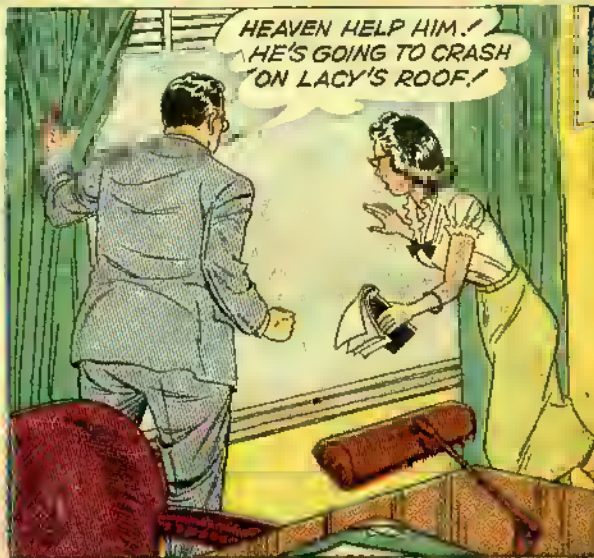
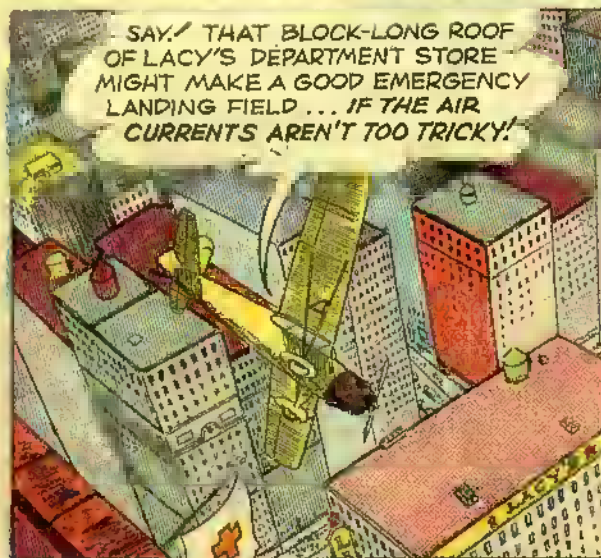
OH-OH! WHAT A SPOT  
FOR THE ENGINE TO  
START MISSING!



THE FUEL CAP MUST HAVE  
COME LOOSE WHILE I WAS  
STUNTING FOR THE KIDS  
— I'M OUT OF GAS!

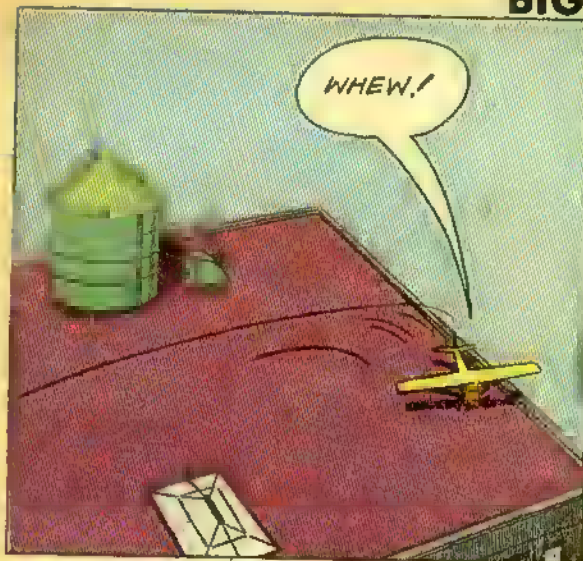


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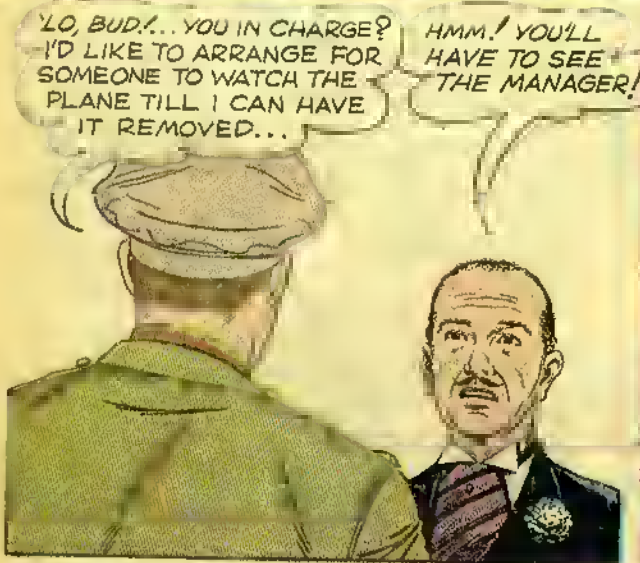
# BIG SHOT



WHEW!



YOU THERE! WHY DIDN'T YOU PICK JIMBEL'S DEPARTMENT STORE ROOF TO LAND ON?

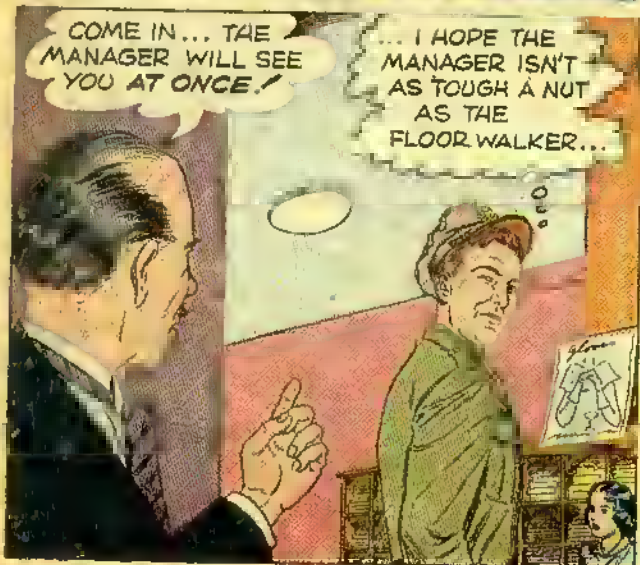


LO, BUD?... YOU IN CHARGE? I'D LIKE TO ARRANGE FOR SOMEONE TO WATCH THE PLANE TILL I CAN HAVE IT REMOVED...

HMM! YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THE MANAGER!

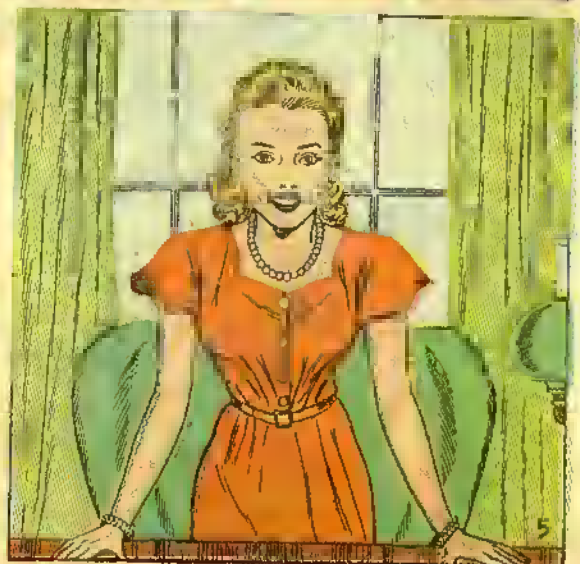


WAIT HERE... I SHALL INQUIRE WHETHER THE MANAGER CARES TO SPEAK WITH YOU.



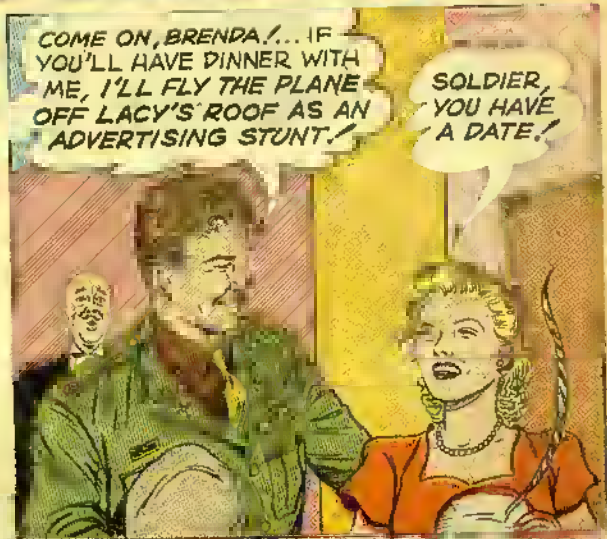
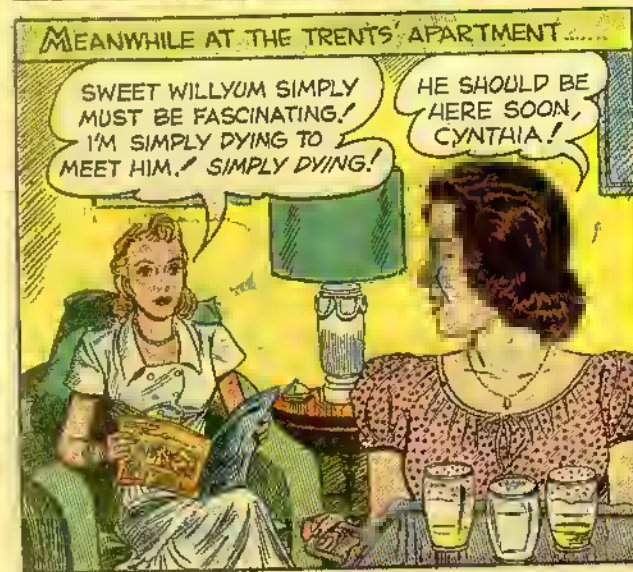
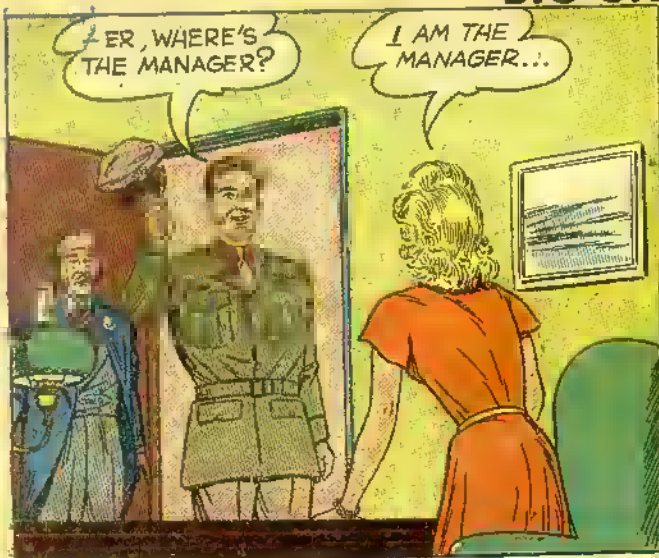
COME IN... THE MANAGER WILL SEE YOU AT ONCE!

... I HOPE THE MANAGER ISN'T AS TOUGH A NUT AS THE FLOOR WALKER...

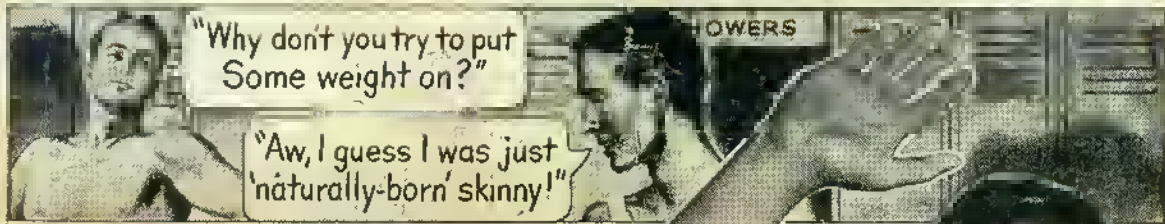




# BIG SHOT



NEXT... DO OR DIE FOR LACY'S DEPT. STORE!



# BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

# SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll  
Give YOU A NEW BODY

**W**OULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN!"

### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

**ARE YOU**  
Skinny and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in Confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?

Do you want to gain weight?  
**WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT** is told on this page!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

### "Dynamic Tension" Builds You NATURALLY

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, tipping, LIVE MUSCLE.

*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.

**FREE BOOK** Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 329K, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 329K**  
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....



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Bulb Bargain**

**AMAZING GET ACQUAINTED...**

# TULIP OFFER

**OUR FAMOUS HARDY PLANTING STOCK**

**100  
BULBS  
for \$1.69**

Dozens of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment . . . Darwin, Triumph, Breeder, and Cottage Tulips for remarkable low cost of less than 2c per bulb. Our prize selection of famous young especially selected strain and smaller because they are first and second year bulbs—1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Selected by Tulip experts who guarantee replacement of any bulb not developing to your satisfaction any time within 5 years. Will fill your garden with blazing color ranging from delicate pastel shades to bold flaming hues. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

**ORDER NOW!**  
**Send No Money!**

Send no money to get this marvelous tulip bulb bargain! Just check which offers you desire and rush order today! Your tulip bulb assortment with extra Dutch Iris Bulbs will be sent you immediately in plenty of time for fall planting. When postman brings your package just pay amount as checked in coupon plus C.O.D. postage. If you remit with order, we'll pay postage. If you don't feel that you have hit the bargain jackpot of the garden world, return the bulbs and receive your money back.

**EXTRA**

**12 DUTCH  
IRIS BULBS**

Yes, as your gift for ordering this astounding tulip assortment . . . we will send you 12 genuine first-year Dutch Iris Bulbs extra and without additional cost. These gorgeous irises will give your garden new purples and blues that will make it the envy of your neighbors. All solid disease-free bulbs . . . extra just for mailing your tulip order coupon now.

**Other Delightful Flower Bargains!**

**Chrysanthemums . . . New CUSHION MIXES.** Young, vigorous plants which will fill your garden with minimum bounty. (Shrub) produce over 1000 bloomed. Assorted colors, 10 plants and 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra. **\$1.69**

Order the stately **Evergreens** that grow everywhere in the United States. Each tree 2 years or older. Certified by the (Michigan) Dept. of Agriculture. **12 REAPTITUL YOUNG EVERGREENS. . . . \$1.69**

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Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of package in time for fall planting, plus postage, on guarantee that I may return if not satisfied and get full refund.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 100 Tulip Bulbs with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs . . . . .  | <b>\$1.69</b> |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 50 Imported Holland Tulip Bulbs, 4½ inches in circumference . . . . .                             | <b>\$2.98</b> |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 Lily Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra . . . . .   | <b>\$1.94</b> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send C.O.D. (I pay postage)   |               |
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